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THE STANDARD.

THE TRIBUNE AND MR. PHILLIPS.

A HIGHLY esteemed friend and long-time supporter of THE STANDARD writes us as follows:

"Will you have the kindness to explain to me why THE STANDARD has *apparently* behaved so unjustly in regard to the correspondence between Mr. Phillips and *The Tribune?* If it had taken no notice of it, I should not be surprised, as I have heretofore supposed that THE STANDARD did not meddle with politics; but as it took pains to circulate the (I cannot help calling it) calumny against Lincoln, why did it not also give both answers of *The Tribune?* * * I care for the reputation of THE STANDARD, which I think is certainly overshadowed by its course in this matter, for it has not given its readers a fair view of both sides of this correspondence," etc.

We assure our friend that we omitted to print *The Tribune's* second article, not from any wish to conceal it from our readers, but *solely* because our columns were much crowded, and we honestly thought we might omit it without injustice to that paper or to Mr. Lincoln. The article seems to us a pointless piece of special pleading, but, as our friend regards it in a different light, and thinks its appearance in THE STANDARD is required by considerations of justice and fairness, we shall give our readers an opportunity to judge of the matter for themselves.

From The New York Tribune.

PHILLIPS VERSUS LINCOLN.

IN *The Tribune* of the 4th inst. we commented upon an article in the Boston *Liberator* by Mr. Wendell Phillips. On one point, and only one, it seems, we did Mr. Phillips injustice. We suggested that his gross misrepresentation of Mr. Lincoln was committed through carelessness. We were mistaken. It was done deliberately, and in last week's *Liberator* is deliberately defended. He does more than defend it. In his first article, the purpose was "to gibbet a Northern hound," by representing Mr. Lincoln as seeking the reconsideration of a vote to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia, that he might introduce a bill, the sole object of which, Mr. Phillips would have his readers infer, was to enact a Fugitive Slave law in the District. We showed how unfounded and calumnious this charge was, by appealing to the record, whereby it seems that Mr. Lincoln made no request of the House to reconsider its vote, but, on the contrary, told them that if the vote were reconsidered he should attempt to introduce a bill which would not only abolish the slave trade in the District, but slavery itself. This main purpose of the bill Mr. Phillips is compelled to recognize, now that attention is called to it. He offers no apology, however, nor explanation, for having at first concealed the fact, but justifies himself by objecting to the bill itself as "no credit to any man, being one of the poorest and most confused specimens of pro-slavery compromise."

We beg leave to submit that that is not the question. We cannot permit Mr. Phillips to shift the issue in this facile way. Let us keep to the point. The charge was that Mr. Lincoln attempted to restore the slave trade in the District, and to open it to slave-hunting without qualification. The fact is that he did not do the first at all, and he evidently proposed the second only as a concession in a scheme of ridding the District of both slave trade and slavery. Now, whether his scheme was a good one or not, is not the point in discussion. We know very well that Mr. Lincoln is not an Abolitionist of the Garrisonian school; nobody pretends it. Nor is it his character that is in issue; but it is Mr. Phillips's.

Though the first article surprised us much, the second surprises us more. Mr. Phillips is reckless in misrepresentation. The bill, he says, provides that United States officials, coming from the South, may bring their slaves into the District. True. But he adds, "Such persons are to be allowed to hold them there *forever*." What says the bill? Officers of the Government "coming into said District on *public business*, and remaining *only so long* as may be *reasonably necessary for that object*," shall have this privilege. Again: "All children born after 1850 were to be free some time or other; *it is not stated when*," says Mr. Phillips. What says the bill? "That all children born of slave mothers, within said District, on or after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord *one thousand eight hundred and fifty shall be free*." And it is further provided that these children shall be held as apprentices, supported and educated by the owners of their mothers for a term of years, which was left blank—to be filled up, of course, when the bill came up for consideration—when they were to be "*entirely free*." Mr. Phillips! Mr. Phillips!

But we do not choose to draw away from the main point by a discussion of the bill. Whether it was good, or whether it was bad, is nothing to this present controversy. The point is simply whether Mr. Lincoln did a certain thing for a certain purpose, as we, standing on the record, assert; or whether he did quite another thing, with quite another purpose, as Mr. Phillips avers. Beside the record, we have another invaluable witness—Mr. Phillips himself—who has no other justification to offer for suppressing the truth than the fact that he considered it discreditable to Mr. Lincoln. Nobody would expect a bill drawn up by that gentleman, touching slavery in the District, to be satisfactory to Mr. Phillips. But Mr. Phillips does an irreparable injury to the cause he represents, when he so forgets himself as to resort to a concealment of facts for the propagation of a slander. It may be very wicked in Mr. Lincoln, or any other Republican, to concede for the District of Columbia the same constitutional right for the rendition of fugitives that belongs to all the States of the Union. But a gratuitous concession of that privilege, and its concession for the sake of abolishing slavery itself in the District, are two things so widely different in spirit and purpose, that it is impossible to misconceive them, as it is discreditable to misrepresent them. "I was a man," we remember Mr. Phillips saying, in one of his eloquent orations—"I was a man before I was an Abolitionist." We beg leave to remind him of it. The cause of abolition can never justify him in doing an unmanly thing.

From The Liberator.

MR. PHILLIPS'S REPLY.

MR. EDITOR: I do not care to notice further the quibbles of *The Tribune*. It has done me the justice to publish my full statement, and I willingly rest my case on that.

Please print in full the bill which LINCOLN proposed, that your readers may see how faithfully I represented it. I hope they will remember that it related to a Territory of the United States (the District of Columbia), where, according to Republican theories, all slavery is illegal and unconstitutional—a nullity and a crime. *The Tribune's* notion, therefore, of buying its abolition by infamous "concessions" (if admissible anywhere) is, there, a surrender of the first principles of the Republican movement.

Observe, also, that a man, claiming an anti-slavery heart, could, in a deliberately drawn instrument, talk of the OWNERS of human beings!—a phrase which *The Tribune* also uses. Seward said "no man could be President who spelled negro with two g's." So I think little or nothing of the anti-slavery heart of any man who deliberately talks of OWNERS of men.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The following is the bill referred to by Mr. Phillips, in full:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled, That no person not now within the District of Columbia, or now owned by any person or persons now resident within it, or hereafter born within it, shall ever be held in slavery within said District.

SEC. 2. That no person now within said District, or now owned by any person or persons now resident within the same, or hereafter born within it, shall ever be held in slavery without the limits of said District; Provided that officers of the Government of the United States, being citizens of the slaveholding States, coming into said District on public business, and remaining only so long as may be reasonably necessary for that object, may be attended into and out of said District, and while there, by the necessary servants of themselves and their families, without their right to hold such servants in service being thereby impaired.

SEC. 3. That all children born of slave mothers within said District, on or after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, shall be free; but shall be reasonably supported and educated by the respective owners of their mothers, or by their heirs or representatives, and shall serve reasonable service as apprentices to such owners, heirs and representatives, until they respectively arrive at the age of —— years, when they shall be entirely free; and the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby empowered and required to make all suitable and necessary provisions for enforcing obedience to this section, on the part of both masters and apprentices.

SEC. 4. That all persons now within said District lawfully held as slaves, or now owned by any person or persons now resident within said District, shall remain such at the will of their respective owners, their heirs and legal representatives: Provided that any such owner, or his legal representative, may at any time receive from the treasury of the United States the full value of his or her slave of the class in this section mentioned; upon which such slave shall be forthwith and forever free; And provided further—That the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Treasury, shall be a board for determining the value of such slaves as their owners may desire to emancipate under this section, and whose duty it shall be to hold a session for such purpose on the first Monday of each calendar month; to receive all applications, and, on satisfactory evidence in each case that the person presented for valuation is a slave, and of the class mentioned in this section, and is owned by the applicant, shall value such slave at his or her full cash value, and give to the applicant an order on the treasury for the amount, and also to such slave a certificate of freedom.

SEC. 5. That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby empowered and required to provide active and efficient means to arrest and deliver up to their owners all fugitive slaves escaping into said District.

SEC. 6. That the election officers within said District of Columbia are hereby empowered and required to open polls at all the usual places of holding elections on the first Monday of April next, and receive the vote of every free white male citizen above the age of twenty-one years, having resided within said District for the period of one year or more next preceding the time of voting for or against this act, to proceed in taking such votes in all respects not herein specified, as at elections under the municipal laws; and with as little delay as possible to transmit correct statements of the votes so cast to the President of the United States; and it shall be the duty of the President to canvass said votes immediately, and if a majority of them be found to be for this act, to forthwith issue his proclamation giving notice of the fact; and this act shall only be in full force and effect on and after the day of such proclamation.

SEC. 7. That involuntary servitude for the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall in no wise be prohibited by this act.

SEC. 8. That for all the purposes of this act, the jurisdictional limits of Washington are extended to all parts of the District of Columbia, not now included within the present limits of Georgetown.

And now, having printed all that has been said by either of the parties to the controversy, we will simply say that, in our judgment, Mr. Phillips's only mistake was that he did not, in his first article, forestall cavil by a simple mention of the fact (which he could have had no motive whatever for wishing to conceal), that Mr. Lincoln's bill contemplated a nominal and qualified abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He might have done it by inserting a few words, parenthetically, making one of his sentences read thus: "Extract of a bill (for the nominal and qualified abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia) introduced by Hon. Abraham Lincoln, in the United States House of Representatives, January 10, 1849." This would have been a perfectly fair statement, and, while it would not have affected in the least the point taken by Mr. Phillips against Mr. Lincoln, it would have left *The Tribune* no chance to arraign him upon a plausible though almost ridiculous charge of unfairness, and, by raising a cloud of dust, to blind the eyes of its readers to the real point at issue. The infamy of the proposition to inaugurate slave-catching, by authority of Congress, in the District of Columbia, where the crime cannot have even the poor pretext of a Constitutional requirement, so far from being alleviated by the pretence that the said proposition formed part of a bill otherwise wholly or partially good, is in our judgment rather aggravated thereby. The proposition is in itself so outrageous, that it only excites our deeper indignation to reflect that its author cunningly attempted to purchase our acquiescence by the promise of some compensating good; as if any good, however great, could justify our participation in a crime! and as if *any* bill, of which such a proposition formed a part, could be anything else than an infamy! This very bill illustrates the huckstering quality of what passes in this country for statesmanship. Our statesmen can never lay the hand of legislation squarely upon a great national villany for its extirpation, even where the power to do so is unquestioned and unquestionable, but only propose to relieve the people of one form of oppression by making them gratuitously responsible for another. We are sorry that the only political party in this country which asks for our votes on anti-slavery grounds has nominated for the Presidency a man whose political life exemplifies no higher quality of statesmanship than this.

PUNCH ON SUMNER'S SPEECH.

THE London *Punch*, under the head "Punch's Essence of Congress," expresses its opinion of Mr. Sumner's late speech in the Senate in terms which no doubt reflect the judgment of the best minds in England:

1860. June 4, Monday. In the Senate, the bill for the admission of Kansas as a free State came on for discussion. The Hon. Charles Sumner, who, about four years ago, was brutally assaulted by a ruffianly slaveholder named Brooks (since dead), addressed the House for the first time since that outrage. He applied himself to a long and elaborate argument to show the barbarism of slavery, and proposed to knock out the "black marble block" which the South declares to be the keystone of the arch of the American Constitution. He showed successively and successfully that the "domestic institution" makes brutes of the slaves, and worse brutes of the masters; that it checks education, industry, prosperity and population; that it generates violence, foul vice, cruelty, duelling and ruffianism generally; that its advocates, in and out of Congress, are the worst citizens and the worst men in America; that it has been condemned by Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, and by all statesmen and moralists of eminence; and that its poisonous influence is actively working toward the destruction of the noble Republic. Mr. Sumner's speech was chiefly characterized by its closeness of argument and lucidity of diction; but he occasionally introduced a passage of highly wrought eloquence, or an image of singular vividness; and in England, however the orator's sentiments might have been objected to by a political antagonist, Mr. Sumner would have received the compliments of gentlemen on both sides, upon so remarkable an exhibition of sustained power and intellectual skill. Mr. Chestnut, of South Carolina (slaveowner), rose, and, after abusing Mr. Sumner for "ranging over Europe, crawling through the back doors to whine at the feet of British aristocracy, craving pity and reaping contempt," called him the "incarnation of malice, mendacity and cowardice," and declined, on the part of the slave-ownerism, to make any reply, because he was not inclined "to send forth the recipient of punishment howling through the world, yelping fresh cries of slander and malice." The punishment in question alludes to the brutal assault with a bludgeon, committed by the now defunct Brooks upon an unarmed and unsuspecting gentleman. The "slave-masters in the Senate then surrounded Mr. Chestnut, and approved his speech." The question was postponed. Mr. Punch begs to offer his respectful congratulations to Mr. Sumner upon his magnificent speech, and, even more earnestly, upon the ample and perfect testimony that was instantly given by the besotted slaveowners to the truth of his assertion of the barbarism of slavery. It is not often that an orator's enemies are in such a desperate hurry to prove his case for him. But here, he was scarcely down when the slave party rushed together to proclaim themselves the ruffians he had painted them; and in the published copy of the oration Mr. Sumner has given at once the calmest and the deadliest blow to the system he denounces, for he prints Mr. Chestnut's speech. All the bludgeons in the hands of all the "chivalry of the South" cannot beat that demonstration of Mr. Sumner's case out of the heads of the public in and out of the States. The speech should be reprinted in England and circulated in thousands. What is the Anti-Slavery Society about?

The July number of *The British Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the organ of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, contains Mr. Sumner's speech complete. Its effect on English minds cannot fail to be beneficent as well as powerful.

Selections.

A NEGRO IN THE STATISTICAL CONGRESS.

LORD BROUGHAM AND MR. DALLAS.

THE fourth session of the Statistical Congress, composed of delegates from almost all the countries on the globe, was opened in London, July 16th, in the great hall of King's College, Somerset House. Prince ALBERT opened the session in an extended address. Toward the close of the session, Lord BROUGHAM, seeing Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, present, said: "I hope my friend Mr. Dallas will forgive me reminding him that there is a negro present, a member of the Congress" (loud laughter and vociferous cheering).

After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Dallas made no sign, but the negro in question, who was understood to be Dr. Delany, from Canada, rose, amid loud cheers, and said: "I pray your Royal Highness will allow me to thank his lordship, who is always a most unflinching friend of the negro, for the observation he has made, and I assure your Royal Highness and his lordship that I am a man."

This novel and unexpected incident elicited a round of cheering very extraordinary for an assemblage of sedate statisticians.

On the 18th, Lord BROUGHAM, being then in the chair, said: "I exceedingly regret that the observations I made on the first day have been interpreted into something disrespectful to the United States. No one who has known me will accuse me of such an intention. I respect our brethren of the United States, even when I differ from them. When I called attention, in the presence of our friend, Mr. Dallas, to the, in my opinion, important statistical fact that a most respectable colored gentleman, from Canada, was a member of the Congress, I only called his attention to it just as I would the attention of our excellent friend the representative of the Brazils, who is here to-day; and, God knows, I do not entertain the slightest disrespect for the Brazils. I ought also to have called the attention of the Count de Ripalda (the Spanish representative) to the same subject; they have colonies, and they have persons of various colors in their possessions. I call his attention to it hereby" (applause).

From The London Star.

A Statistical Congress can scarcely fail at any time to be a source of positive advantage; but that which has just opened its sittings possesses a ground for special congratulation. Here we see, assembled in peaceful conclave, the representatives of all the civilized peoples of the earth; delegates from nations whose chief ambition has been, in times past, to cut each other's throats to as great an extent as possible, sit side by side, and exchange greetings of frank good will. The metaphor of the lion lying down with the lamb must henceforth be regarded as weak and inexpressive; when poets wish to typify the highest triumph of humanizing influences over evil tendencies, they will point to the day when the negro Dr. Delany took his place in the same Congress with Mr. Dallas, the representative of that slaveholding Republic of the West, and was greeted with a cordial shout of welcome. Our hearts glow with pride at the recollection of that noble outburst of sympathy, which was at once a vigorous protest and a timely warning to those who still outrage Christianity by grinding the African under their heel. Would that Sir Samuel Cunard—that knight, neither *sans peur* nor *sans reproche*, since he has been led, by the fear of losing the favor of some profitable customers, to truckle to the infamously snobbish prejudice of a race, and has prostituted the subsidy which he receives from English taxpayers to the service of that detestable aristocracy of color, which every Englishman abhors—had been there to listen to the ringing cheer which arose when Lord Brougham pointed out the negro to his brother members, and directed the special attention of Mr. Dallas to the fact that he was present. He might have gathered some wholesome instruction, which would have led him at once to abrogate the disgraceful regulations which he has lately put in force on board his ocean steamers—unless, indeed, he is anxious that Parliament should cancel his contract in obedience to the indignant demand of his countrymen.

PUBLIC HUMILIATION OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER.

From The Evening Post.

At a meeting of the International Statistical Society of London the other day, where were assembled all that was most distinguished in the English world of science and letters, presided over by the man of highest position, socially and politically, in the kingdom, Lord Brougham availed himself of the occasion to go a little out of his way then and there to make an example of our minister at the Court of St. James. Just as the exercises of the day were closed, the old gentleman arose and hoped "his friend Mr. Dallas would forgive him for reminding him that there was a negro present, a member of the Congress." Under ordinary circumstances, and if addressed to any other man in the assembly, such a remark would have had no significance; but addressed to the representative of the American government, which denies to the negro the privilege of citizenship or the capacity to acquire it; addressed to Mr. Dallas, who refuses colored people wishing to visit the Old World the protection of his country's flag, the simple testimonial of a passport that they are Americans, the remark of Lord Brougham was certainly one of the most humiliating public rebukes ever administered by one statesman to another.

According to the report as given by the London *Times*, which will be found in another part of this sheet, the remark elicited loud laughter and cheers; every one enjoyed it but Mr. Dallas, who was silent, and properly so—for what had he to say? It was a very deliberate insult, but what was he to do? He could not deny the fact that there was a negro there; and the laughter which the remark elicited showed that the audience thought the arrow well directed. The assembly was not a political one, and therefore the case admits of no call for explanations nor agitations of the cotton market. The occasion had evidently been deliberately chosen by Lord Brougham for the purpose of making Mr. Dallas feel the disgust with which the course pursued by his government toward colored people in Europe has inspired other nations, and especially the class in England with which Mr. Dallas's official position brings him most in contact; it was chosen to make a public spectacle of our Minister; "to roast him," as people sometimes "roast" a person whose manners they wish to improve, or whose society they wish to have less of. As a peer, or as a member of the British Government, he could not reach Mr. Dallas, but as a private gentleman, assembled with other gentlemen, the most distinguished in the kingdom, he could, if the provocation was sufficient, put Mr. Dallas into coventry, and that was evidently the purpose of this speech. The occasion and the circumstance all conspire to convict him of malice aforethought.

It is painful to have our country, through its representatives, so humiliated; but what better method has a foreign gentleman of bringing public opinion to bear upon those we send to associate with them than was adopted by Lord Brougham? He showed to Mr. Dallas, in an instant, by a remark in itself perfectly true and perfectly inoffensive, that every member of that distinguished assembly resented his treatment of colored people, and enjoyed his public humiliation. A few such scenes would soon either make a foreign minister modify the regulations of his office or drive him out of society. One or the other of these results, no doubt, Lord Brougham had in contemplation when he thus made a public spectacle of the American minister.

A WIDOW IN TROUBLE.

From The New York Tribune.

MANY excellent clergymen, when rescued from temporal toil, and called to their eternal rest, leave little dower to console their widows. That our spiritual guardians thus live poor, labor poor, and die poor, is a fact, whatever may be their gifts, not pleasing to the generous mind. To this rigid rule the late Rev. George D. McLean, of Princeton, Ky., afforded an exception. Who the Rev. Mr. McLean was, except that he was a married man and a minister, we know not; nor do we know what particular creed was his private weakness. We only know that, upon his translation, he bequeathed to his inconsolable relict "a black negro (named Harrison), weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, with some of his teeth out; a reader for a *preacher*." Also, "Laura, wife of Harrison, with a freckled face and straight hair—a bright mulatto." Also, "a girl child of Laura, NEARLY WHITE." So, we suppose, when the Rev. George D. McLean discovered that his lungs were giving out, he derived unspeakable consolation from the fact that he left behind him, for a solace, one hundred and seventy pounds of preacher, with a reasonable and proportionate weight of Laura and child. The bequest was really a handsome one. "Harrison," without estimating his theological acquirements, was worth, at ten dollars per pound, not less than seventeen hundred dollars. Laura, only twenty-five years old, would be good stock till forty, and, with care, would produce, Providence also smiling, from twelve to fifteen valuable parcels, worth in the gristle about three thousand dollars. The "girl child" being "nearly white," would, if reasonably pretty, be worth, at fourteen years of age, in the New Orleans market, about twenty-five hundred dollars. The sum total of the legacy left by this faithful minister of the gospel may be stated, therefore, at about eight thousand dollars—which is a comfortable sum for a mourner. There was Harrison to preach and administer spiritual consolation to the widow McLean; there was Laura to wipe away her tears and get up her caps; and there was the "girl child" to divert her by its bounding friskiness. But sorrow never comes singly in this world. The entire legacy of the Rev. George D. McLean has stampeded! The widow McLean is left to exclaim: "Insatiate fortune! would not George suffice?" It seems not.

The first thing the widow McLean did—or the first thing after seeking the Throne of Grace—was to rush to a printing office, where she ordered the appropriate handbill, with a portrait of "Harrison," represented with a bundle upon his shoulder, with his left leg feloniously elevated, and his right foot, with malice aforethought, projected—in that posture, in short, technically known as "levanting." For the apprehension of the entire absconded estate the widow McLean offered a reward of $200. Having procured these placards, and, as we hope, paid the printer, Mrs. Martha McLean proceeded to that temple in which her husband, while in the flesh, was accustomed to minister, and affixed one of the notices to the church door, and perhaps stuck others upon each of the horns of the altar—a proceeding which must have been so soothing to the perturbed shade of the Rev. George that we are surprised not to be informed that he rapped his approval upon the communion table. It was a very good idea for Mrs. McLean thus to make all the brethren acquainted with her loss. For, in the first place, it gave the successor of the late pastor an opportunity of emitting a neat discourse from the Epistle to Philemon, showing the depravity of human nature in general, and of black human nature in particular; the rascality of this Harrison, who could thus desert a widow in her grief, and the propriety of offering a dozen or two of short prayers for the speedy arrest and return of Harrison, Laura and the little girl who was nearly white, with a vow of unbounded gratitude for the restoration of all three, and of proportionate thanksgiving for that of the man only, the woman only, or the child only. We do not know what formula is used in the Princeton (Ky.) Church upon such tremendous occasions. Our liturgical knowledge affords us many methods of prayer for the sick, the dying, the dead, the bereaved, for all things necessary to the body and the soul, but we do not remember any "Prayer for the Capture of Runaway Negroes." But we suppose that the Pastor of Princeton, Ky., was ingenious enough to invent one for the nonce. We can imagine him setting forth the spiritual desolation in the house of McLean, in consequence of the absconding of Harrison the Preacher, who was now no longer at hand to do a little cheap praying for his mistress when commanded. We can suppose him passing from the Family Altar to the Laura-less laundry, and exhibiting to Heaven the wretched condition of Mrs. Martha McLean's linen; while the "girl child about eight years old" is economically tucked into a short sentence just before the "Amen." All this, put up with proper unctuosity, should, by all the laws of Southern Christianity, bring back the whole little flock in a canter. It is just possible that Harrison may have done the preaching for this Church, as well as for Mrs. Martha and her household. May be, she let him, upon moderate terms—taking her pay half in cash and half in prayers—for this very purpose. If so, it is evident that the Church is not less bereaved than the widow. It is, altogether, a singularly unfortunate affair, calling, if we may venture to express an opinion, for the most vehement and united praying in all the Churches dedicated to the gospel according to Paul and Onesimus. And if any Northern gentleman devoted to that sort of divinity wishes to join in the supplication, and desires to pray with perfect accuracy, he will find an authentic copy of Mrs. McLean's handbill, kindly forwarded to us by some friend of this much-bereaved family, at this office.—*Tribune.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AND THE PHARISEE.

THEODORE PARKER AND SOUTHSIDE ADAMS.

From The Free Church Portfolio—abridged.

QUITE a discussion has been going on in the newspapers concerning the character and destiny of the late Theodore Parker. Our readers know that Mr. Parker was a distinguished good Samaritan, who worshipped on Mount Gerizim instead of at our Jerusalem. In saying this, we have, in a very few words, given our estimate of the man. Theodore Parker, like his great prototype just named, rejected a part of what we deem the inspired records. He was not a Socinian merely, but had opinions of Jesus Christ which Priestly and his school would condemn. Repudiating the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, of course he denied the doctrine of human depravity, and the whole of the orthodox idea of atonement, together with the opinions cognate to these. The orthodox faith never had a more dangerous enemy to contend with than Mr. Parker. We hold, with all our heart, to the Calvinistic system of philosophy and theology. With perfect deference to other men's opinions, we are very free to say that, for us, it is the only ground to stand upon. Drive us from that, and there is no stopping place until we land in blank Atheism. Other men say they have found convenient half-way houses in Pelagianism, Arminianism and Socinianism. But to us they are very ricketty buildings, both inside and out, offering no inducements whatever to stop and take up our abode. Mr. Parker's philosophy and theology were antipodal to ours. We repudiate his views on these important subjects with a deep conviction that they are wrong. We never believed that he understood the Calvinistic system. Either he did not or we do not.

Yet, for all this, we have no doubt that if the omniscient Christ had come to Boston, in 1858, he would have seen infinitely more to admire in Theodore Parker than in that cold-hearted Pharisee, Nehemiah Adams. If Christ sympathized with the good heretical Samaritan in the parable, and held him up as a model of practical religion to his followers, eighteen hundred years ago—if he condemned the orthodox Priest and Levite, who passed by on the other side of the wounded man, and held them up to the world's scorn—would not he have sought the acquaintance of Theodore Parker, on a visit to Boston, in preference to the orthodox Priests and Levites who constantly cry Lord! Lord! yet as constantly refuse to do the things he commands them? An orthodox profession is one of the cheapest and easiest things in the world. But an orthodox *practice* is a very rare and difficult attainment. The devils are all orthodox. They know the Shorter Catechism by heart. But diabolism is the very opposite of Christianity. Christ, in his kind treatment of the Samaritans of his day, has shown his estimate of Jewish orthodoxy, and given us to understand that a tree is to be judged, not by the showy blossoms of a profession, but by the *fruit* it actually bears. By this standard of judgment, no one can entertain a doubt that Theodore Parker, with all his heresies, was a far better Christian than many of those who fancy themselves orthodox and would send Mr. Parker to perdition. His life was a glowing commentary on the moral law. His house was the home of the friendless. His hand was ever open to the cry of the needy. He was the friend and advocate of afflicted and wronged ones. In all the remarks, editorial and otherwise, made on this remarkable man since his death, we have not seen a line charging that the beautiful Christian *life* he lived was a hypocrisy, assumed to cloak over his heresies and give him influence with the confiding and undiscerning. All seem to admit that he was candid and free from guile. If so, how can we account for the fruit he bore? The Scripture says a good tree must bear good fruit, and a corrupt tree evil fruit, and that the only way of estimating the tree is by the *fruit*. Now, look at the contrast between the kind of fruit Theodore Parker bore in his life and that of the Rev. Dr. Adams. The latter published a book designed to apologize for and uphold the accursed system of American slavery—a system which chattelizes, and imbrutes, and heathenizes four millions of human beings; a system that drives the ploughshare of ruin through the family institution, and dooms to concubinage and adultery all who are its victims; a system that robs men of their labor by the million, and puts all the hard earnings of the slave into the pocket of the master. This system, with all its known and unknown horrors, meannesses and cruelties, is sanctioned and upheld as a Bible institution by Dr. Adams, who holds to the New England orthodoxy as tenaciously as the Priest and Levite held to Judaism. Parker, standing in the footsteps of all American Christians, up to the period when the invention of the cotton gin introduced the grand apostacy, denounces this system of crime, and spends his life in promoting its abolition. Now, weigh the Christianity of these two men in the scales of the sanctuary, and see which kicks the beam.

Dr. Cummings, of London, a sound Presbyterian divine, holds that in the other world it may turn out that some men who in this world seemingly rejected Christ, will be proved to be Christians after all. We fain hope that this may be the case with Theodore Parker. We have long since come to the conviction that not one man in a thousand knows what he *really* believes. Avowed heretics may be more orthodox than they seem, and avowed orthodox may be more heretical than they appear to be. The human heart is deceitful above all things, and a good man, with confused views of Christ, may be more Christlike than an orthodox man who honors Christ with the lips and denies him with the life. We have the kindliest feelings towards errorists who are sincere and honest men.

THE PREJUDICE OF COLOR.

From The London Inquirer.

THERE have been too many indications of late years that, in the eager strife of competition and greed of gain, British commerce does not stand upon so high a ground as it once did, and is not conducted upon the inflexible principles of uprightness which were formerly its proud characteristics. The numerous defalcations, the general laxity of moral principle, the readiness to overlook or extenuate acts of dishonesty on a large scale, show that the commercial world is degenerating instead of improving, and that our moral condition is by no means commensurate with our material progress. We see on all sides a disposition to sacrifice great principles for temporary advantage, and to lower our standard of action to the prevailing prejudices and the shallow maxims of the time. Expediency has become the god of our idolatry in the political world; gain, in the social and commercial world.

A very significant illustration of this is presented in the correspondence, of which an account appeared in our last number, between Mr. Commissioner Hill, Recorder of Bristol, and our valued friend, the Rev. Edwin Chapman, on the one side, and Sir Samuel Cunard on the other.

The prejudice against color, as it is well known, is intensely strong in the American States. It is even stronger in the free North than in the South, where the contempt for the servile race does not necessarily imply any aversion to close personal contact. In the North, however, through the noble example and persevering efforts of the Abolitionists, the prejudice has of late years been gradually wearing away, and now respectable colored people, in most of the large towns, are received at hotels and other public places on an equality with others, and travel through at least the New England States without experiencing any marked annoyance. [This is an over-statement.—*Ed. Standard.*]

It is humiliating to know that the chief annoyance to which our colored brethren are now exposed is on board British steamers, subsidized by the British Government, sailing under British colors, and belonging in chief part to a British merchant, Sir Samuel Cunard. The prejudice against color, the contempt for the servile race, remains firmly entrenched here, as in one of its last strongholds. It is the impression of most persons that the equal social observances, as well as the equal laws of our country, extend to English vessels as well as to the English soil. The case which has been just laid before the public shows that this is a popular delusion. The narrative of Mrs. Putnam, a refined and accomplished lady, who, with her party, has been excluded from the chief cabin of one of the Cunard line on account of her color, makes us blush for shame at the thought that such an act of gross indignity could be committed on board an English vessel, and with the sanction of an English captain. We at once conclude that it is the result of the impertinence and misconduct of the American agent in Boston. Such a gross case of insolence needs only to be made known to receive the condemnation it justly deserves. A letter narrating the simple facts of the case is drawn up by the two influential gentlemen above named, and addressed to the chief proprietor of the company, a merchant who has received the degree of knighthood from the Queen in recognition of his honorable services to British commerce. Surely he, at least, has not forgotten the principles which actuate the upright and true-hearted English merchant; he will at once see that full justice is rendered to a long-oppressed race, who have been accustomed to look to our soil and our noble ships as a haven of refuge, where the prejudice of color shall no longer be suffered to proscribe and insult them. Strange to say, this honorable knight returns no answer to these documents; does not even vouchsafe the common courtesy of acknowledging their receipt, and it is only after a second communication that this purse-proud merchant, who shows himself only too ready to sacrifice the credit of his country to the gold of Southern slaveholders and slavehunters, condescends to write: "I do not see that any advantage would result from discussing the subject-matter of those letters, therefore I must decline entering into any correspondence on the subject"; which is equivalent to saying, "I know the thing is altogether indefensible; but, nevertheless, the money got by the breeding of slaves is as good as money got in any honest way."

The correspondence naturally suggests the question, is British commerce to be conducted on the just and impartial principles which have generally characterized it heretofore, or is it to degenerate to the standard of the American slaveholding community? When two principles are thus brought into close conflict, which is to give way, the higher or the lower? According to the healthy English sentiment, the prejudice of color is a monstrous absurdity, which deserves just as much respect as a prejudice against red hair. If colored persons are to be excluded from public places in English vessels on account of the prejudices of the slaveholding class, the same principle might with equal justice be carried out to the exclusion of Jews, in conformity with another class of prejudices. Those who entertain prejudices of this kind should be taught that they are never recognized in English society, and that it is simply an impertinence to intrude them and demand any respect for them elsewhere than in their own slave-breeding districts. The same principles that actuate English society at home should surely regulate society on board English vessels trading between this country and America. It is a duty to our country to maintain our own high standard of civilization and social equality, and not to lower it to the American platform. We have a right to expect that the commercial standard should not descend lower than the prevailing social usages of our time and country.

Excellently does *The Economist* say:

"When a company founded to promote international traffic abandons the social usages of the country which founded it for usages less noble and less civilized, because they happen to be more suited to other countries with which intercourse is carried on, they are guilty of injuring, not only the reputation, but the character of the national commerce. That all commercial companies are founded on the principle of gain is only another way of saying that they are commercial; but once let it be known that in such pursuit of gain there are no limitations whatever, that there is no sacrifice short of that of honesty which a commercial body will not make for the sake of securing success, and then all that identifies the commerce of a nation with its nobler political and social life disappears at once. . . . There is no clearer duty for English commercial men than to see that they import with their foreign products only the higher elements of foreign customs and manners, and do not part with or endanger their own noblest national traditions."

There is but one fair principle to act upon when opposite principles come into conflict. Let those who decline to sit at a public table with their colored brethren be excluded from the general society. For them, and not for the colored persons, who are often infinitely their superiors in every intellectual and moral quality, let a separate table be set apart in some inferior part of the vessel. If they must obtrude their narrow prejudices, let them alone suffer the consequences. If any deserve to be banished from respectable society, and kept apart as an inferior class, it is the Southern slaveholders and slave-hunters, who disgrace the cause of civilization and humanity.

THE CASE OF SHERMAN M. BOOTH.

ANOTHER APPLICATION FOR A HABEAS CORPUS.

From The Fond du Lac (Wisconsin) Commonwealth, July 25.

ANOTHER application to the Supreme Court was made last week for a writ of *habeas corpus*, to release or remove S. M. Booth. The points raised were, that the United States had no authority to imprison for an indefinite period, simply for a non-payment of fine, when the prisoner was actually unable to pay; and that they had no power to imprison persons convicted, even under laws conceded to be constitutional, but in the prisons or jails of the State, except in such States as had refused the use of their prisons to United States convicts. This State never having so refused, it was claimed that Mr. Booth was not imprisoned legally.

Judge Paine again vacated the Bench, leaving the case in the hands of Judges Dixon and Cole. The writ was not granted, through a disagreement of the Judges.

A synopsis of the decisions given by Judges Dixon and Cole is appended:

"Immediately after the Supreme Court met this morning, Chief Justice Dixon said that the Court had had under consideration the application of Salsman for a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of S. M. Booth. At the time a similar application was made to the Court last spring, all the facts now existing were before the Court, with a single exception. The present application was made on the hypothesis that the Fugitive Slave law is constitutional, and the proceedings of the District Court regular, but it urged: 1st, that the United States Court has no authority to imprison persons in the Custom House, or anywhere but in the jails of the State; 2d, that the United States Court has no power, under the Fugitive Act, to imprison persons for the non-payment of fines. On the first point, the Chief Justice was of opinion that the Court was excluded from acting, by its denial of the writ last spring. It was a principle of law that a party was estopped from arguing on a subsequent application that which might have been urged on the first. This doctrine had been fully established by decisions in New York, a number of which he quoted. He considered the failure of the Judges to agree last spring, equivalent to a dismissal of the application.

"On the second point he held that the power to issue a *capias* was given to the Federal Courts by the 14th section of the Judiciary act. If those Courts could not imprison for non-payment of fines, the same principle seemed to go to the extent of prohibiting them from issuing process after judgment was pronounced. Moreover, it was a part of the common law of this State that persons might be imprisoned for non-payment of fines, and it was a common practice to enforce their payment in that way by our State courts in cases where no statute authorized it. Therefore he was of the opinion that the writ must be denied.

"Justice Cole said that he intended, at some time, to write out his views in this case; at present he should only make a remark. He was clearly of the opinion that Judge Paine was disqualified to sit in this case, and it was due to him (Judge P.) that his (Judge C.'s.) opinion on this point should be expressed. It was contrary to all our notions of common justice that a man who had been counsel in a case,

to his hands. For, although he proposes to give the public an "opinion" in full in the premises, and can give as able excuses for his course as can possibly be urged, we are sure that it is impossible to furnish reasons which will be satisfactory to the people. That his colleagues should advise him to the course they did, is not surprising; that the "profession" should, with considerable unanimity, approve of his course, is to be expected, and that conventionalists and formalists, and conservatives and all classes will justify him, is also to be expected; but that he, with his strong, original mind, and his contempt of "superstitions" of all kinds, should have fallen into this pit, is to us, at least, vastly surprising; and that the *living, breathing* people will, with great unanimity, condemn it, and never forget it, we are painfully certain.

LATER—MR. BOOTH RESCUED.

Correspondence of The World.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., August 4.

I have just learned that Booth has made his escape. The particulars, which I have from a reliable source, I will give you. At 12¼ o'clock last Wednesday, and while part of the guard were at dinner, a party of about ten men met at the Custom House. Two of them went up stairs in advance of the rest, and, meeting the keeper at the prison door, presented him with a pass, purporting to be from the Marshal. The keeper examined it and pronounced it bogus, and was about handing it back, when he was seized by the two men, each of whom drew a revolver, and threatened him with instant death if he uttered a word. In an instant some three or four others were on the spot; and one of them with a key, evidently prepared for the purpose, opened the prison door, and Booth, who was prepared for a journey, stepped out. The keeper was thereupon substituted for his prisoner, the door locked again, and the party proceeded down stairs with their *prize*. As Booth is known by everybody, his appearance in the street was a signal for the gathering of a large crowd, who immediately began to speculate as to the manner in which he got out. Some thought he must have been pardoned by President Buchanan, and others said he was taken out on a writ of *habeas corpus*; while Booth exhibited a revolver, saying, "This is my *habeas corpus*." The crowd followed him to the residence of T. J. Salsman, his brother-in-law, where a carriage, under a span of spirited horses, was ready to convey him into the country. In a few moments he was out of sight. Marshal Lewis was on the spot at the time, but could do nothing to arrest the onward course of the prisoner, for the simple reason, as he said himself, that he "didn't know what the d——l to do." The Marshal has offered a reward of $100 for his rearrest. Considerable excitement prevailed during the remainder of the afternoon; but it has since died out. A significant grin was on the countenance of nearly everybody I met; they all seem to enjoy the thing, except the officials, who can't exactly appreciate the joke. Rumor has it that the following gentlemen were among the rescuers: T. J. Salsman, who is a brother-in-law of Booth's; C. D. Booth, the prisoner's brother, and formerly a partner of Salsman's; Dr. M. P. Hanson; —— La Grange, late from Kansas, and Prof. Daniels. I have not been able to learn who composed the remainder of the party. No arrests have been made.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD FOR SLAVERY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

FOUR weeks ago, we gave an abstract of the contents, and a sketch of the character, of Rev. Samuel Nott's pro-slavery pamphlet, called—"Slavery, and the Remedy: or, Principles and Suggestions for a Remedial Code." We promised a future notice of an additional pamphlet of forty-three pages, prefixed to the Sixth Edition of the one above named, entitled—"The Present Crisis: with a Reply and Appeal to European Advisers"—and stitched for distribution separately, as well as in connection with the former pamphlet. And we spoke of the gratuitous circulation of these treatises for four years past, among the principal slaveholders in the South, the principal official personages in the National and State Governments, and persons of distinction and influence generally, both South and North, as constituting an effective Underground Railroad for Slavery.

We call this an *effective* instrumentality for slavery, because it supplies a justificatory phraseology for the slaveholder to use when his acts or his motives are called in question, and because it craftily applies to the features, the incidents and the agents of that abominable oppression a series of expressions borrowed from the *honest* departments of practical life. This language, being transparently false and sophistical in its application to slavery, of course avails nothing towards a justification of that system; nor is this really its purpose; its purpose is to be used as a mask or a shield, according to circumstances, by any slaveholder who has impudence enough, whenever his occasions call him into the society of honest men.

We suppose that, as a general thing, the rumseller is quite indifferent as to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of his traffic. His purpose is to make money; and he is not deterred from this purpose by any demonstration that his gains flow from the direct manufacture of vice among his customers, and of poverty and wretchedness among their wives and children. He cares not for these considerations. Nevertheless, since he occasionally has to meet the remonstrances of good men and women, and the arguments of temperance agents, he will derive material aid and comfort from the fact that some men, holding a reputable position in society, maintain his course to be a right one: and especially will he be helped to face such arguments and remonstrances, if a clergyman will publicly defend his course, as authorized by the Bible and the early teachers of Christianity.

In like manner, we suppose that, as a general thing, slaveholders are entirely indifferent to the rightfulness or wrongfulness of this relation. They choose to continue this gratification of their avarice, or pride, or lust, or all three, unmoved by the fact that it is unjust and wicked. But since they also sometimes fall in with honest men, and feel obliged to meet the questions asked by Christianity and civilization in regard to their system of robbery, it is of the very greatest service to them to be able to quote well-sounding language from Northern men, and especially from Northern clergymen, in their favor; and thus it comes that Choate's stigma of the noblest truths of the Declaration of Independence as "glittering generalities"—Webster's request that the "prejudices" of Bostonians in favor of freedom might be "conquered"—Southside Adams's repudiation of the higher law—and Baron Stow's Baptist Church of "respectable white persons"—will continue to be quoted in favor of slavery while these persons retain credit enough to make it worth while to quote them. And it is just such a perversion of well-sounding language (in part sophistically plausible, and in part merely impudent) to the support of slavery, that makes the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Nott's pamphlet.

Words *are* things. It is not without reason that rogues and thieves, in the "flash dialect" in which they hold communication with each other, have invented new names for the criminal acts by which they live. Dawson (in "Pelham"), speaking of the sharpers who had taught him the first steps in crime, said:

"They never spoke of things by their right names; and therefore those things never seemed so bad as they really were. To swindle a gentleman did not sound a crime when it was called *macing a swell*; nor transportation a punishment, when it was termed, with a laugh, *hunting a cove*. Thus, insensibly, my ideas of right and wrong, always obscure, became perfectly confused; and the habit of treating all crimes as subjects of jest in familiar conversation soon led me to regard them as matters of very trifling importance."

The attempt of Mr. Nott to give credit and perpetuity to slavery derives such efficiency as it has from a systematic application of decent and respectable names to the vicious elements that compose it. Announcing, at the commencement that he proposes no emancipation, gradual or immediate, but a continuance of the essential character of slavery, he proceeds to invent plausible epithets for all its details, relations and contingencies. His plan for pruning this Upas into a condition more favorable to its perpetuity is called *A Remedial Code;* the union of Northern men with slaveholders for this purpose he calls a union of the *Christian patriarch and Christian philanthropist;* he wishes the attention of slaveholders directed "not to mere slavery or mere abolition," but to *the well-being of a people* PROVIDENTIALLY *on their hands;* the relation of slaveholders and slaves is that of *capital and labor;* this relation imposes mutual obligations upon these two parties, the masters being bound in duty *to furnish capital, employment and provisions,* AND TO REQUIRE LABOR, and the slaves being equally bound in duty *to render labor;* the hedging around the slave with such precautions as shut out all chance of effectual resistance or escape, he calls a *securing of voluntary labor;* work which the slave does submissively under this compulsion is called the *fulfilment of his* CONTRACT; the pertinacious continuance of enslavement, with its apparatus of biped and quadruped hounds for the capture of fugitives, is represented as the master's fulfilment of the *duty of giving support to a people providentially on his hands;* the continuance of slavery, thus far, in successful opposition to the efforts of Northern men, is called *an equilibrium made by an overruling Providence between the slaveholding and the free States;* and the Appeal against interference by "European Advisers" declares, that "*these matters belong, by the ordinance of Heaven, to each several nation for itself.*"

Such are the perversions of language that have been privately circulated, for the past four years, among official personages, politicians, leaders in the press and the pulpit, and persons of wide influence generally, both North and South. We see now where Mr. Seward got the idea of euphemistically describing the two great divisions of our country as "Capital States and Labor States." And (a much more important matter) we see how, during the past four years, the people of station and influence in this country, to whom the six editions of Mr. Nott's pamphlet have been sent, have become habituated to this method of putting darkness for light, so as to receive it without comment or special notice when publicly put forth by a candidate for the Presidency.

The "Reply and Appeal to European Advisers" is, in part, a repetition of the sophistical argument of Dr. Wayland's "Limitations of Human Responsibility;" representing to foreign nations (as that did to the Northern States) that Southern slavery is a matter with which they have no call, and no right, to interfere, be its character what it may.

Mr. Nott, however, does not confine himself to this representation. He boldly presents his justification of slaveholding as the true answer to the rebukes and demands of Foreign Societies and the Foreign Press. He claims a material distinction between the justifiableness of continuing slavery now, and that of extending it over a people now free; he represents our Confederacy as entirely irresponsible for the slaveholding practised in some, and finding toleration, advocacy and countenance in all, of the States that compose it; he represents that civilization and Christianity forbid the abolition of Russian serfdom as well as of American slavery; he represents that there is no such thing as a *history* of serf emancipation, showing its expediency and safety—affirming that "no direct, positive, absolute and general emancipation was ever made by any decree, or succession of decrees, of which history could make record"; he represents the old gradual abolition of serfdom in Europe to have been premature and indiscreet; he claims that the success of British emancipation in the West Indies is neither so assured nor so complete as to make it an example for the United States if the cases were alike, which—he asserts—they are not; to the claim of the Bishop of Barbados that two or three generations must pass before the ill effects of slavery can be removed, and the success of emancipation be complete, he retorts that the same time must pass before the *good* effects of slavery can be lost, and the *failure* of emancipation be complete; and finally, in regard to the great immediate emancipation of the Hebrews from Egyptian bondage, he affirms that this exception proves the rule, and that, since miracles were required to effect it then, it ought never again to be attempted until miracles once more lead the way!

This is a distinguished example of the height to which clerical impudence may rise, in the defence of slavery. But we have many more of the same sort. Men like Drs. Prime and Spring of this city, Dr. Murray of New Jersey, and Drs. Adams and Blagden of Boston, seem to have taken it for granted that slavery will last through their time, and to be willing to risk the consequences of unflinching support of it.

MEANNESS OF THE INDEPENDENT.

Two days previous to Dr. Cheever's departure for England, *The Independent*, disregarding every obligation of courtesy and honor, came out with an editorial article which *The Vermont Chronicle* (a leading organ of orthodox Congregationalism) fitly characterized as "*hanging upon his* [Dr. Cheever's] *back a certificate which* GIVES THE LIE TO HIS MOST SOLEMN DECLARATIONS"—an article which, in the language of *The World*, "*if its statements be accepted as true,* COVERED DR. CHEEVER AND HIS CHURCH ITSELF WITH DARK DISHONOR"—which became the occasion of violent assaults upon him in openly pro-slavery papers—and in which that sterling orthodox anti-slavery journal, *The Free Church Portfolio* (edited by Rev. Arthur B. Bradford), saw evidence that "whoever wrote it had bitter and relentless war in his heart against Dr. Cheever." The said article was artfully designed to defeat the objects of Dr. Cheever's mission to Great Britain, by inducing the belief in that country that he was about to solicit aid upon false pretences—in other words, by representing, in direct contradiction to Dr. Cheever's repeated affirmations, that the troubles in the Church of the Puritans had "no connection whatever with the subject of slavery." It being impossible for Dr. Cheever, before his departure, to prepare a reply to this insulting article, the Church of which he is the Pastor appointed a committee to frame such an answer as they might think necessary. The answer thus prepared appeared in our columns last week. It was offered to *The Independent*, in the hope and expectation that the editors would promptly give it an insertion. The manuscript, however, was returned, accompanied by the following statement:

"*The Independent* commented upon published documents touching Dr. Cheever's Church. It avoided personalities, and complimented Dr. Cheever. Nobody has the shadow of a right to be heard in our columns in reply to our opinions upon facts which everybody can study for himself. If our article contains any errors of fact, and Dr. Hartt will say what they are, in civil language, and without commentary or argument, and will furnish reliable evidence that the alleged errors of fact *are indeed such*, we shall be happy to make the correction.

J. LEAVITT,

"AUGUST 4th, 1860. For the Editors of *The Independent*."

The pretence here set up that *The Independent* only "commented upon published documents touching Dr. Cheever's Church" is little better than a downright fraud. Properly speaking, there *are* no "published documents," of an official character, showing the later phases of the controversy between Dr. Cheever and his opponents; and the reference to such documents is a jesuitical trick, resorted to for the purpose of concealing the fact that the editors of that paper keep an open ear for the enemies of Dr. Cheever, and are, indeed, on terms of sympathizing familiarity with them, and ever ready to serve their purposes. The attempt to mask their partisanship and enmity by pleading their right as journalists to comment upon "published documents" is an act of meanness that would disgrace a Tammany Hall politician.

Dr. Cheever and his Church solemnly declare that they are engaged in a struggle for the maintenance of a thorough anti-slavery pulpit in this city, and on this ground they have appealed for aid to Christian Abolitionists in Great Britain. At the very moment when Dr. Cheever was about to cross the ocean to present, in person, the appeal of his Church, *The Independent* virtually arraigned them before the world as guilty of a deliberate fraud, as asking for foreign aid upon false pretences; and having done this, it stultified itself and insulted Dr. Cheever and his friends by words of affected panegyric! The Church, thus maligned by the organ of its own denomination, asks space for the defence of itself and its absent Pastor, and is refused! In a connection with the press covering a period of almost thirty years, we have never witnessed a baser violation, on the part of the conductors of a public journal, of the claims of justice and honor.

If any of our readers should ask if the J. Leavitt who signed the note above printed, "for the editors of *The Independent*," is indeed the same man who once edited *The Emancipator* and served the American Anti-Slavery Society as a member of its Executive Committee, we should be constrained to answer in the affirmative. There *was* a time, we believe, when, as an editor, he would have scorned to treat the meanest slave-driver in the land as the editors of *The Independent*, with his apparent acquiescence, now treat Dr. Cheever. But that was before he was made a D. D., and when he had not yet betrayed the cause of the slave to save the credit of a Church which is the chief bulwark of slavery!

ANNIVERSARY OF W. I. EMANCIPATION.

The Celebration at Abington, Mass.

BOSTON, Aug. 2, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE friends of the slave who were not able to be with us at Abington on the first of August will be glad to learn that we had a successful and profitable meeting. The day was magnificent. Scarcely a breeze stirred the leafy canopy of interlacing boughs, and yet the weather was delightfully cool.

A more fitting spot than "Island Grove" could not be selected for a jubilant occasion—for the commemoration of that crowning achievement of British legislation, the liberation of the negro slaves in her dominions. In this temple of Nature the Abolitionists have met for many successive years, not only to "rejoice with those who rejoice" in the Isles of the Sea, but to keep fresh in the minds of the people an event which, while great in itself as the means of giving freedom to 800,000 chattel slaves, augments a thousand-fold in magnitude when we contemplate its issues, and regard it as a glorious illustration of the feasibility of breaking the chains of slavery, as it were in "the twinkling of an eye," and proving, in the face of all opposition, the complete safety of IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION.

Though we regretted the absence of many wont to be with us on such occasions—men whom we are proud and glad to denominate *leaders* in this noble enterprise, especially the absence of his "apostolic countenance" whose voice comes echoing from the White Mountains in tones of hope and encouragement—yet many circumstances conspired to make the occasion one of great interest. There was no noisy burlesque of Liberty—no spread-eagle demonstrations—but the fair Goddess of Freedom smiled serenely upon her votaries, brought together by the magnetism of her presence.

The meeting, called to order at 11 o'clock by E. H. HEYWOOD, was organized by the appointment of officers, as follows:

President—JOHN B. SWASEY, Esq., of Boston.

Vice-Presidents—Edmund Quincy, of Dedham; Francis Jackson, of Boston; Hon. N. H. Whiting, of Marshfield; Bourne Spooner and Hon. Charles G. Davis, of Plymouth; Richard Clap, of Dorchester; Elmer Hewitt, of Weymouth; Wm. Ashby, of Newburyport; Col. Thos. J. Hunt, of Abington; Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati; Dr. T. P. Knox, of Boston.

Secretaries—J. M. W. Yerrinton, of Boston; Miss Anna Gardner, of Nantucket.

Finance Committee—E. H. Heywood, Mrs. Caroline R. Putnam, Elbridge Sprague, Mrs. J. A. Spooner, Mary R. Wallcut, N. B. Spooner, D. B. Morey.

The PRESIDENT, after remarks pertinent to the occasion, introduced Mr. HEYWOOD as the first speaker. Mr. H. read letters addressed to the meeting from Mr. SUMNER, Mr. C. F. ADAMS, Mr. ANDREW, and Mr. GARRISON. He prefaced the letter of the last named gentleman by a fine allusion to him, as eminently a scriptural man—remarking, in the language of the Rev. Mr. Stow, that he might be *called* an infidel, but that there was more Bible in him than in any other man whom he knew. The piquant remarks of the speaker, clothed in a style of classic elegance, and illustrated by rich scintillations of wit and humor, were characterized by sterling thought and conclusive argument. He responded to the charge of severity of language, preferred against Abolitionists in Mr. Andrew's letter, with great force and completeness. Men, said he, who have obtained places of preferment by denouncing Webster in terms more opprobrious than Abolitionists ever employ, are too often found inveighing against *harsh language*. He drew a graphic picture, comparing the position of Mr. Andrew in the times of the John Brown excitement, when, with manly independence, he gave utterance to the noble feelings pulsating in his bosom, and his *present* position, standing upon the Chicago platform. Said he, our Pope to-day is the *Union*—but we have our Luther also: He exhorted us not to walk by the green pastures and still waters of past achievement, and concluded his remarks by alluding, with great earnestness, to the practical issue which we must make here in Massachusetts.

The next speaker was Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY, of Cincinnati—well known as having been counted worthy to suffer on behalf of freedom. He made an exceedingly impressive and acceptable speech. The illustration with which he commenced, comparing the opening of the Palace of Beauty by a kiss, and the opening of Freedom to the enslaved by the kiss of Humanity, was very appropriate and beautiful. He spoke at some length in allusion to the Republican party and its influence, remarking that its tendency is to *corrupt* its men, who, one after the other, bow the knee to the Moloch of slavery. He particularly lamented the downfall of Seward, of whom he acknowledged he had made something of an idol for the last ten years. In conclusion, he prophesied hopefully of the Christianity of the future—confidently assuring us that the time is coming when we shall walk in an *American* and not in an *Oriental* Christianity—when the various theories, which are but the brittle bottles containing the wines of the present day, shall be superseded by a religion of works.

The morning session was concluded by singing a hymn, written for the occasion by the Rev. JOHN PIERPONT.

After an hour's recreation and social enjoyment, rambling in the Grove or sailing on the beautiful water which surrounds it, the audience, greatly augmented in numbers, again collected around the stand, and listened, with most profound and undivided attention, for about an hour, to able and interesting speeches from H. FORD DOUGLASS and WM. WELLS BROWN—noble representatives of that class which American Despotism stigmatizes by shamelessly asserting that "they have no rights which white men are bound to respect." Every blow struck for the colored man, said Ford Douglass, is also struck for the white man—whether it be for Victor Hugo, for Kossuth, or for the still braver Garibaldi, the John Brown of Sicily. He poured out a scathing anathema upon the want of moral principle evinced in selfishly and wickedly sacrificing the negro to the interests of the Union.

Hon. N. H. WHITING, of the Massachusetts Senate, followed Mr. Brown in an able speech, characterized by a comprehensive view and critical analysis of human rights, and a philosophical reach of thought which secured the attention of all reflecting minds.

Mr. DAVIS, of the Massachusetts Legislature, next took the platform. He spoke earnestly, alluding to British emancipation as the breathing life-act of this country. He was in favor of the largest liberty, but desired to enter his protest against libertinism—against vituperation—against stamping with infamy motives and men, which he alleged was done by Abolitionists.

CHARLES L. REMOND was introduced as the next speaker. He replied to Mr. Davis's objections with keen satire and unanswerable logic, and concluded his remarks with an outburst of spontaneous eloquence, of the force of which no description could convey even a faint appreciation. In the most eloquent strains of righteous indignation, he administered merited rebuke to those persons who, while they denounce the pirate or the sheep-stealer as mean and despicable, will recognize as a gentleman and treat with the utmost courtesy the slaveholder, coming among us from the land of whips and chains, and upholding a system of oppression and wickedness infinitely more diabolical than piracy. He concluded his remarks by an earnest appeal to Abolitionists to make a practical application of their principles here in Massachusetts.

After a few remarks from Mr. BIRD, of the Massachusetts Senate, the vast assembly moved on, directing their steps towards the cars, and we were soon again on our way to Boston; feeling that the day had not been spent in vain, but that much had been done to disseminate that light which must eventually clear away the vapors surrounding the monster slavery and penetrate the heathen darkness in which alone it can draw vital breath.

A. G.

We are much indebted to the correspondent who sent us the foregoing letter. Our thanks are also due to Mr. HEYWOOD and to the Printers of *The Liberator* for proof-slips, promptly forwarded, of the letters mentioned by our correspondent, and of a portion of the speeches delivered on the occasion. The letters are subjoined, but want of room compels us to postpone the publication of the speeches.

LETTER FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

BOSTON, July 30, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: If I forego the opportunity which you offer me of uniting with the earnest Abolitionists of Massachusetts in celebrating the anniversary of British Emancipation, I pray you not to believe me insensible to the magnanimous teachings of that day—destined, I doubt not, as men advance in virtue, to take its place still more and more among the great days of History.

Nothing shows the desperate mendacity of the partisans of slavery more than the unfounded persistence with which they call this act "a failure." If it be a failure, then is virtue a failure; then is justice a failure; then is humanity a failure; then is God himself a failure; for virtue, justice, humanity, and God himself are all represented in this act.

Well-proved facts vindicate completely the policy of emancipation, even if it were not commanded by the simplest rules of morality. All testimony, whether from official documents or from travellers, shows, beyond question, that in all these islands the condition of the negro has been improved by emancipation; but this testimony is especially instructive when we learn that this improvement is most strongly manifest in those who have been born in freedom. Ask any person familiar with these islands—as I have often done—or consult any unprejudiced authority, and, this will be the answer. This alone is enough to vindicate this act. Surely it is enough if *men* are raised in the scale of being, even though sugar perishes from the earth.

But careful statistics attest that the material interests of these possessions have shared the improvement of the population. In some of the islands, as in Barbados and Antigua, the advance is positive, while in Jamaica itself, which is the instance most constantly cited of "failure," the evidence is unanswerable, that the derangement of affairs cannot be charged upon Emancipation, but is a natural incident to the anomalous condition of that island throughout its history, aggravated by the insane pretensions of the slave-masters. Two different Governors of this island have assured me that, with all their experience there, they looked upon Emancipation as a "blessing." Thus is it shown that the true policy of this world is found in justice. Nothing is truer than that injustice, beside its essential wickedness, is folly also. The unjust man is a fool.

Only recently important testimony on this subject has found a place, where it would be hardly expected, in the columns of *The New York Times*, and similar testimony occurs in other quarters, both in England and America. And yet, with the truth flashing in their faces, our slave-masters misrepresent this sublime and beautiful act as a "failure"! This, however, is of a piece with their whole conduct.

Let me thank you for the invitation with which you have honored me, and for the good wishes with which you cheer me; and believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

William Lloyd Garrison. CHARLES SUMNER.

LETTER FROM HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

QUINCY, July 2, 1860.

W. L. GARRISON, Boston—*Dear Sir:* I am much obliged to the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for their kind invitation to be present at their celebration, at Abington, of the anniversary of the First of August. I regret that my present occupations are such as to keep me at home.

West India Emancipation is gravely pronounced a failure. I have heard it so described on the floor of the House of Representatives. The only reason given is, that the British islands do not produce so many pounds of sugar and coffee as they did when they could force them out of the bones and muscles of slaves.

It was Sismondi, I think, who first protested against the fallacy of all British writers on political economy who measure the happiness of a people by the gross amount of their material products. A far greater question must always be, Who is overworked? Who suffers wrongfully? Who is deprived of his hard earnings for the benefit of his neighbor? Who looks up to the flag of his country and sees in it no shelter for himself, or his wife, or his little ones? These questions will be boldly answered now in the British West Indies. If any cases could be pointed out, in tolerable numbers, we should have been very sure to hear of them. But all that we do hear is about the absence of coffee and sugar. Now, mankind may, by possibility, be tolerably well off, and yet do entirely without coffee and sugar. But how can they be happy without good security for their right to seek happiness in their own way?

Open any book written forty years ago about the West Indies, and you will see depicted, in glowing terms, the awful horrors which must follow any attempt at emancipation. The never-failing sketch of the excesses which were committed in St. Domingo is retouched at every turn with a plentiful admixture of the most glaring colors. Nobody seems to have conceived the idea, that when you take away the motive to commit violence, you are in the most likely way to have peace. I greatly doubt whether, since the day of emancipation, there have been one-half of the outrages committed among the population of the British West Indies that have taken place within any equally populated region in our slaveholding States. I never heard of an instance of a man burnt alive in Jamaica for the commission of murder. The courts could make no such penalty, I am sure, and the people there are not afraid to trust the cause of justice with the courts. But, in the United States, I have certainly read in our own newspapers of several cases in which the mob have burned men for killing their masters, within the past year.

Yet they tell us that, because coffee and sugar fail, there is no good in emancipation. If, by reason of this failure, it could be shown that there was misery and famine in the land, that starvation was in a fair way to turn the garden into a wilderness, I should be ready to concede something to the argument. But I hear of no such thing as that. I only hear that the people decline to work more than enough to gain them an easy subsistence. Content with little under a genial climate, they prefer indolence to labor. And, in this respect, wherein do they differ from their former masters, the planters? Did you ever hear of any of these who liked to work? To be sure, *they* were never content to live on little, but they always preferred that what they did live on should be got from the labor of some other persons than themselves. The present complaint is, briefly, that this process cannot be carried on beyond the will of the laborer. Perhaps those may sympathize with it who deplore the loss of sugar and coffee. For my part, I sympathize more with the gain of idleness to the laborer, if it be his pleasure to be idle, and no suffering follow from it to himself or his family. Nobody admires industry more than I do, but it must be of that sort which is not wrung from the unwilling by force and without compensation.

But, when I sat down, I did not intend to get engaged in any long discussion. My object only was to expose the nature of the standard which has been set up, to test the value of emancipation. When will men cease to confound liberty with money?

With many thanks for the kind estimate you make in your postscript of any public service I may have lately rendered, I remain,

Very truly, your friend and servant,

—— C. F. ADAMS.

LETTER FROM JOHN A. ANDREW, ESQ.

BOSTON, July 31st, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: I shall not be able to regulate my engagements so as to attend the celebration at Abington of "The Anniversary of British West Indian Emancipation," to which you have invited me.

I should be glad if it were in my power to add emphasis to my declaration of faith in the *wisdom* as well as the *benevolence* which impelled the Christian people of Great Britain to demand that great measure of justice from their Government. It is, in my judgment, beyond reasonable doubt, that sound political economy, as well as national security and tranquillity, requires that the people who inhabit every country should be free to enjoy their natural rights. The argument which would enslave the negroes and mulattoes of the West Indies is equally good in kind, if not equally forcible in degree, to justify the maintenance of servitude in Russia, and the degradation of many white populations in Europe; and indeed I am well satisfied that nothing but the existence of universal suffrage in the United States (for white men) prevents the frank advocacy of the principle of the ownership of labor by capital in reference to the free *white* laborers in our own country. Had not the ballot-box, open to every citizen, and the school house, open to every citizen's child, and the public press, free to declare itself concerning every subject, established their authority so firmly among us, I have no doubt that slavery would be argued by some men in New York and New England to be the proper condition for our laboring classes. Had the theories of many distinguished men, now prevalent, been the doctrines of those who shaped our institutions during the last quarter of the last century, there would, I verily believe, have been a "Dred Scott decision" for whites as well as for blacks.

I do not regard the question of "negro emancipation" precisely as you do. It is not, in any sense, a sectional question. So far as the controversy concerning it is now in a sectional form, it is only accidentally and temporarily so. It needs nothing now but a just and honest administration of the National Government to develope throughout the whole South a sentiment of opposition to the perpetuation of slavery. At present, few Southern men dare, and fewer still are able, to withstand the combination of their State and Federal Governments in the interest of a single class of capitalists. The controversy will not only soon cease to have a sectional form, but it will cease even to be *called* sectional. It will be recognized in its real proportions as a *universal* question—not sectional, nor even national, but universal, touching the rights not of a class only, nor of a race, but of the whole human family.

Into whose souls, even now, does the iron of slavery in America enter with the bitterest pain and the deepest wound? Not into those of black men who never knew liberty scarcely so much as even by name, either in their own persons or in those of their fathers; but into those of the free, white, native-born Americans to whom it is not permitted, under pain of insult, fine, imprisonment, and even of death, to read the speeches and books of men born and educated at the South like themselves, appealing to the patriotism and the interest of the South against the doctrines of the propagators of slavery.

Powerful men, in large numbers, hold black men and oppress white ones in the fifteen slaveholding States. Powerful men, in large numbers, in the eighteen free States, are equally insensible to the rights and wrongs of these white and black men. They affect to treat with indifference the rights of labor everywhere, and the wrongs which it suffers now at the hands of the nation, and with the aggravation of which it is threatened for the future. If slavery, emboldened by the "Dred Scott decision," shall, by means of the "Lemmon case," be decreed a foothold as a sojourning institution in all the free States; and—by means of the Breckinridge *audacity*, the Douglas *indifference*, and the Bell and Everett *ignorance* policies—gain a new lease of national power, the necessarily consequent restoration of the foreign trade in negro slaves, and the cheapening of human cattle, will at last teach the dumbest tongue to cry out, the coldest heart to feel, and the blindest incarnation of respectable nonchalance to see, that the only remaining inquiry for the American people is, *Whether all poor men shall be slaves, or all slaves shall be made free?*

With more particular regard to your invitation to me to be present on Wednesday at Abington, perhaps it is due to a perfectly frank understanding that I should say (what I believe you already know), that though I am with you and your friends in sympathy when you rejoice that the British slave is now a free man, yet I have been so often pained at the unremitting and, I think, frequently unjust assaults by persons upon your platform on men whom I greatly respect, and whose services in the cause of rational and impartial liberty I highly prize, that I could not fail to esteem myself an intruder in your midst—unless I should suppress something I might feel bound to say. My fidelity to the existing institution of Government, its charters, its organization and the duties of its citizenship, is, ever has been, and, I doubt not, will always be, unshaken; but, working in the sphere of citizenship, and through the instrumentalities it affords, I hope that I ever may remember the lesson of British Emancipation, and apply it wherever I have the right and the power.

Yours, respectfully and faithfully,

To Mr. Garrison. JOHN A. ANDREW.

The first two letters were responded to with hearty applause by the audience. A significant silence followed the last.

Mr. Heywood then said that another letter had been received, from one whose presence was always the joy and the inspiration of occasions like this, and who, as Tacitus said of the absence of the images of Brutus and Cassius from the funeral of Junia, is all the more present because he is not here to-day. I need not name him; but his radiant, apostolic countenance shines so brightly, that you can see it as far as the White Mountains. He sends us greeting:

LETTER FROM WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

NORTHUMBERLAND, N. H., July 30, 1860.

MY DEAR HEYWOOD: Absent from home, seeking invigoration of body and mind among the mountains in New Hampshire, I shall be deprived of the pleasure of participating in the First of August Celebration at Abington; but the day and the occasion will not be forgotten by me. In spirit I shall be with you all, rejoicing in the beneficent results of the abolition of British colonial slavery, and lamenting the continuance of the same dreadful system of bondage in our own most guilty country.

The act of West India Emancipation has been commonly, but absurdly, styled "an experiment." An experiment is something uncertain in itself, which may or may not prove successful, and which is problematical until it is tested. But there was nothing doubtful about the act aforesaid: its consequences were as sure as the law of gravitation, and as glorious as they were sure. None but the most unthinking, or the most perverse, could believe otherwise. Those consequences were truthfully predicted, ages ago, in their natural order: the substitution of light for darkness, of health for disease, of righteousness for iniquity, of the glory of the Lord for the reign of Satan, of abundance and prosperity for dearth and suffering, of general restoration for universal ruin (see 58th chapter of Isaiah). I know that, throughout our slavery-cursed land, every effort has been made, by a venal press, by unscrupulous demagogues, by the enemies of the anti-slavery cause universally, to represent the emancipation of the West India bondmen as an utter failure—as disastrous to the general prosperity, and tending to the lowest barbarism. Even the London *Times* has repeatedly made the same damaging declarations, which have been eagerly copied into the pro-slavery journals of this country as oracular and conclusive. But I know that all such representations are false, malicious, mercenary, Satanic. They are proved to be such by the testimony of West India governors, magistrates, missionaries, resident planters, and intelligent and truth-seeking tourists; by the strictest Parliamentary investigations; by the constantly improving condition of the emancipated laborers, physically, intellectually, morally; BY HUMAN NATURE ITSELF. The London *Times* is no more veracious in this matter than the Charleston *Mercury* or the New York *Herald*. It is manifestly the purchased tool of the cottonocracy at home and in the United States; and it grossly and wickedly misrepresents the views and feelings of the British people, who justly glory in their act of negro emancipation.

To say that emancipation in the West Indies has proved a failure is to declare that a state of unlimited concubinage and beastly amalgamation is more conducive to virtue and purity than sacred marriage, recognized and defended by law; that turning men, women and children into marketable commodities is a better investment than to allow them to develop their faculties and powers as rational and accountable beings; that to substitute the blood-reeking lash for a just compensation, and to drive the laborer to unrequited toil like a beast, is pecuniarily more profitable than the system of mutual contract and the stimulus of the hope of reward; that enforced, unlettered ignorance is better for society than general education; that for an immense mass of human beings to be given over to irresponsible and absolute power, lodged in the hands of mercenary owners and ruthless overseers—to be deprived of all testimony in cases of personal wrong and outrage, which are of daily occurrence—to be stripped of all rights and immunities as completely as though they were on a level with sheep and swine—is better for them, and for the entire community, than though they were protected by law, allowed to testify against those seeking their detriment, and clothed with all the rights of human nature! All such declarations originate either in idiocy or diabolism: they are the subversion of all the rules of morality, all the principles of justice, all the claims of humanity, and indicate either the extinguishment of reason, or a very close approximation to total depravity, on the part of those giving them circulation.

Rejoice, then, Abolitionists, in the downfall of British colonial slavery, and mingle your voices of thanksgiving and praise with those of a million freed men in the isles of the sea! Labor unceasingly to effect, by the help of God and the power of his truth, a still more extended emancipation, and even a more glorious jubilee, in your own country! Be deterred by no obstacle, deceived by no artifice, allured by no compromise, lulled into security by no partial success, satisfied with no half-way measures; but, "remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them," and, therefore, demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation in their behalf, as the imperative duty of those who are exercising unjust dominion over them, press onward in the glorious cause you have espoused, assured of final victory—a victory which shall heal every wound, unite every breach, reconcile every difference, and bless every portion of the land!

Yours, to break every yoke, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The Celebration at Kennett Square.

The colored people of Chester County, Pa., held their celebration on Saturday, in a grove near Kennett Square. An audience variously estimated at from three to five thousand—two-thirds of them colored people—came together, and all the proceedings are said to have passed off in the most agreeable and satisfactory manner. Among those present were a considerable number who do not often attend anti-slavery meetings. Greggs's brass band discoursed appropriate and enlivening music. Among those who manifested a warm interest in the proceedings were JOSEPH A. DUGDALE and the venerable THOMAS GARRETT, of Wilmington, Del. LUCRETIA MOTT, Dr. SUMNER STEBBINS, WILLIAM STILL, and a colored young man named FITZGERALD, were among the speakers; but the principal orator of the day was Rev. J. C. GIBBS, Pastor of the First (colored) Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, who delivered an appropriate and forcible address, which we would gladly publish entire, if our columns were not crowded with important matter. We make room, however, for an extract.

ADDRESS OF REV. J. C. GIBBS.

[EXTRACT.]

An inspiring voice, loud and clear, comes up this day from the British islands, saying to both Abolitionist and slave, "Onward!" *Onward!* for God and Truth lead the van of the hosts that are doing battle for the overthrow of slavery in this country, and for a full, clear, hearty recognition of the universal brotherhood of man. The signs of the times never were more cheering than at present. Blow after blow has fallen on the Bastile of slavery, until it totters and rocks from ground to turret; gaping seams are to be seen along its dark, forbidding front, sure precursors of its ultimate ruin.

The past ten years has developed, with frightful rapidity, the nature of the contest in this country. Men no longer ask, What has the North to do with slavery? for it now seeks its victims among white as well as black men, and especially those most distinguished for their piety, talents and learning. Witness the assaults on Sumner and Hickman at Washington; the banishments and stripes endured by Underwood and others; the persecution and exile of Fee from Kentucky; the twenty-one years imprisonment of Lee, whose wife dropped into the grave, a few days since, broken-hearted, and whose children send up their orphan cry to the God of justice for vengeance. Witness the slaughters in Kansas; the murder, in Virginia, of John Brown, the martyr, saint, hero; he who has added a new glory to the martyr's crown, by revealing, in

also to declare, by its highest judicial authority, that "black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect"! Who can wonder that God has a controversy with this nation? God is demanding repentance of this nation, and we stubbornly refuse, and harden our hearts and stiffen the neck, rushing headlong to ruin.

CELEBRATIONS IN OTHER PLACES.

The anniversary was, we are glad to observe, celebrated in many places, in different parts of the country. The colored people especially, in a number of instances, marked the day by appropriate public exercises.

YONKERS.

A considerable number of the colored people of this city went to Yonkers, 17 miles up the Hudson, where they held a celebration in a grove. Rev. HENRY H. GARNETT delivered an address in the morning, and Prof. W. J. WILSON spoke in the evening.

WESTBURY, L. I.

Another company of colored people from this city, Brooklyn and other parts of Long Island, celebrated the day at Westbury, having for their principal orator Dr. J. M'CUNE SMITH.

HUDSON.

The celebration at this place, under the direction of colored people, was quite imposing. The people (4,000 or 5,000 in number) came from all the neighboring places, as far up as Troy and as far down as Poughkeepsie. The principal orator of the occasion was WM. J. WATKINS of Rochester, who is said to have made an exceedingly eloquent and forcible address.

The Hudson *Daily Star* speaks of the celebration as having been highly creditable to those who took part in it.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

The colored people of this ancient and honorable town celebrated the day with commendable spirit—dividing, however, into two bands, one meeting in a hall and the other in Arnold's Grove. A colored military company, "The Liberty Guard," 22 muskets, came from Boston, accompanied by the Malden brass band, to join in the celebration, and was received by "The New Bedford Attucks," a similar orgahization of colored men. In the grove Hon. T. D. ELIOT, Member of Congress from the New Bedford District, made the first speech, and was followed by Rev. SAMUEL R. WARD of San Francisco, RODNEY FRENCH, ex-Mayor of New Bedford, and others. Of the meeting convened in the hall Prof. CHARLES L. REASON of New York was President. A series of resolutions, denouncing slavery, claiming equal rights for people of color, eulogizing John Brown and Charles Sumner (the one as a martyr, and the other as "the most consistent and reliable statesman in the country"), referring in appropriate terms to the struggle for equal suffrage in New York and equal school rights in Rhode Island, and denouncing Gov. Banks for his vetoes of the bills to strike the restrictive word "white" from the militia laws of Massachusetts, was adopted. In the evening Prof. REASON delivered an able address, and was followed by ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., of Boston, ex-Mayor FRENCH, and others.

CINCINNATI.

The colored people of the Queen city of the West improved the day for the erection of a monument, in the Cemetery at Avondale, over the remains of JOHN I. GAINES, a worthy and eminent man, identified with them not only by complexion, but by eminent services in behalf of their cause. A long procession was formed, and *The Commercial* says that, "as it moved through the city, it presented a very respectable appearance, and commanded great attention." After addresses by W. J. GORDON and Rev. A. T. WOOD, the last stone of the monument to Mr. Gaines was, with appropriate ceremonies, raised to its place. "The monument," says *The Commercial*, "is a beautiful one, of pure white marble, and is in every respect in perfectly good taste."

GENEVA.

We have seen no report of the celebration in this place, but presume that FREDERICK DOUGLASS delivered an address as per advertisement.

TORONTO.

The colored people of Toronto assembled in the forenoon in Sayer street Chapel, where, under the direction of the pastor, there were services consisting of prayer, praise, and short addresses. Afterwards the people marched in procession, headed by Maul's band, to the Cathedral, where, at the close of the morning Church service, an appropriate sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. GRASETT, to a large congregation. At the conclusion of the services, the procession was re-formed in front of the Cathedral, the people marching to St. Lawrence Hall, where a collation was served. Three cheers were given, successively, for "Our Sovereign Lady the Queen," "The Prince of Wales," and "The Mayor and Corporation." Then the people marched to the University Park, where they were further entertained by appropriate addresses and music. The celebration was closed by a soiree in the evening.

MILFORD, MASS.

We have seen no report, but presume that the celebration occurred, according to announcement, on the 2d inst. PARKER PILLSBURY, C. L. REMOND and H. FORD DOUGLASS were advertised to speak.

DR. CHEEVER'S ANTI-SLAVERY.

THE cunning device of *The Independent*, to commend the evangelical Churches of this country to the favor of British Abolitionists by claiming Dr. Cheever as "a product and representative" of their anti-slavery sentiments—or, to speak more accurately, its attempt to depreciate Dr. Cheever's anti-slavery to the level of that which prevails in his denomination—does not seem to please its orthodox cotemporaries. *The Vermont Chronicle*, as quoted by us last week, emphatically denies that Dr. Cheever represents the anti-slavery of the Churches, and even goes so far as to say that, in his anti-slavery spirit and character, he belongs to "the Garrison, the infidel school." The Concord (N. H.) *Congregational Journal* repudiates the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans in terms scarcely less emphatic. It says:

"*The Independent* commends Dr. Cheever to the British Christians as '*a product* and a *representative* of the genuine Christian Anti-Slavery sentiment in the United States'; and again, 'a noble representative of the *Christian* anti-slavery of America.' How much *The Independent* means by such language we know not. If it means only that Dr. Cheever represents the great principle of Christian opposition in this country to slavery, as a system of cruel injustice and wrong, we give our assent; but if it means to comprehend his spirit and manner of showing his opposition to slavery, we are not willing that he should be our representative abroad."

We beg leave to assure *The Congregational Journal* and all concerned that *The Independent* does not like Dr. Cheever's anti-slavery one whit better than they do. Its object in setting up a claim upon the Doctor as "the product and representative" of the anti-slavery sentiment of the American Churches was merely to humbug the Abolitionists of Great Britain, defeat the objects of Dr. Cheever's mission, and save those Churches from the odium which seemed likely to fall upon them in consequence of his exposure of their complicity with slavery. The lie having been told in the interest and for the protection of the Church, we submit that *The Independent* ought not to be too severely censured therefor by its pious cotemporaries.

We are quite content that Dr. Cheever should be certified to the people of Great Britain, by the press of his denomination at home, as the representative of what has been so long stigmatized as "infidel abolitionism." The people of that country, after they have made themselves acquainted with "his spirit and manner of showing his opposition to slavery," will be likely, we apprehend, to draw certain very obvious inferences as to *what it is* that the American Churches brand as infidelity. We certainly have no reason to shrink from the issue thus fairly presented, nor have we any fear that Dr. Cheever will fail to meet it with true Christian boldness.

NUMBER OF WORDS IN DICTIONARIES.—It may be of interest to our readers to know that the total number of words defined, in the vocabulary proper, and given in the tables of Geographical, Scripture and Proper names, in Webster's Dictionary, is 140,000. This is a total of nearly 8,000 more than are given in any other English dictionary. The number of *ems* is 14,700,000 in round numbers, which is nearly 1,500,000 more *ems* than any other contains.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building. All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington street*, Boston.

COLORPHOBIA REBUKED.

LORD BROUGHAM'S rebuke of the insane and vulgar American prejudice against color, administered to Mr. Dallas in a playful allusion to the presence of a negro in the Statistical Congress (see first page), has excited the ire of the slaveholders and their tools, and been condemned as discourteous and insulting by those who hold the mere conventionalities of fashionable or diplomatic society above the interests of humanity and truth. The spontaneous cheers which greeted the allusion, however, showed clearly enough the feelings of the representatives of civilized nations in regard to the prejudice in question, and the lesson thus conveyed will not be lost in the quarters where it is most needed. As we understand the matter, it was not an *apology*, but only an *explanation*, that Lord Brougham subsequently made, to defeat the purpose of those who absurdly accused him of offering an insult to the United States through their Minister.

We observe with pleasure that the colored people of Halifax participated with the whites on equal terms in the ceremonies by which the people of that city welcomed the arrival of the Prince of Wales. The heir to the British throne, as he stood uncovered before the throng of children who greeted him in the familiar strains of the National Anthem, did not appear to be offended, nor even surprised, at seeing "a considerable sprinkling" of colored faces. The words of welcome, probably, were not the less grateful to, his ear that the voices of negro children blended in the strain through which they found expression. In the procession was the "African Society," carrying banners on which were inscriptions like this:

"God save the Queen,"
who gives
"Liberty to the Slave"
and
"Freedom to the Captive."

What a contrast between the genuine spirit of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which characterizes the national festivities of the loyal subjects of the British Queen, and the vulgar, proscriptive sentiment of American Democracy, which denies to the negro the possession of any right that a white man is bound to respect!

DOCTRINES AND THEIR FRUITS.—Rev. J. M. Manning, of the Old South Church, Boston, delivered a lecture on Pantheism at the recent Commencement of Williams College. He mentioned Emerson as representing, better than any other man, the latest phase of the system, and, having described its doctrines according to his own understanding of them, he added (we follow the report of *The Springfield Republican*): "What doctrines could be more grateful to the seducer, the murderer, the slave-trader?" Theological doctrines are not in our line, but we can't help saying that it sounds strange and somewhat ridiculous to us to be told that the classes of criminals above alluded to are accustomed to go to Mr. Emerson for countenance and support. Slaveholders and slave-traders surely do not regard him as their champion; and we venture to say that, for every one of his disciples who is an apologist for the "sum of all villanies," we can easily find a hundred orthodox ministers that are so. If the clergy of the land, during the last twenty-five years, had been as faithful in opposing slavery as Mr. Emerson has been, we might now be enjoying a universal jubilee. We do not say that Mr. Emerson is an Abolitionist because he is a Pantheist, for we do not pretend to understand the word; nor do we affirm that orthodox clergymen are pro-slavery on account of their orthodoxy; we only insist that, in view of the wide defection of the clergy from the high moral standard of Christianity, and of the general acceptance of that standard by those whom they pronounce heretics, it becomes orthodox men to be a little modest in judging those not of their own faith.

A FAITHFUL MISSIONARY.—A friend at Syracuse, writing under date Aug. 4th, says:

"We have just had here a meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, in which our friend Susan B. Anthony has done good service. The pro-slavery spirit was rank, much more so than I had conceived possible among the teachers of this State, and their treatment of Miss Anthony, and, through her, of the claims of truth and justice, was rude and boorish enough. She testifies, however, that they have never before made so near an approach to decency. She is a faithful, self-denying missionary, and I honor her for standing there, although it is an amazement to me that she can have the pluck to do it. Oh, how God and humanity are flouted, and truth and decency even trampled under foot, in every department of our American society! Teachers, that need to be taught the first letter in the alphabet of civilization; that show themselves the creatures of prejudice, passion and brutality; that would disgrace a savage and shame a devil; that, reading the world, have not yet seen human nature; that, with all their nice generalizations in science, resolving complex into simple and manifold into unitary, have not yet arrived at the intuitive fact of the unity of the human race; that, gathering all the flowers that bloom in field or forest, have never yet recognized, with dispassionate, appreciative eye, the flowers that bloom in the human soul! For a good deal of the hunkerism and hate exhibited here this week, I understand we are indebted to your immaculate city and its environs. Pray heal its diseases as fast as you can."

A HARD HIT.—The Boston correspondent of *The Springfield Republican* speaks of the letter of Hon. Chas. Francis Adams, read at the Abington Celebration, and which will be found in another column, as "the neatest reply to such 'stoopids' as the editor of *The New York World* (who holds that emancipation in Jamaica is a failure because the product of sugar has fallen off) that he has ever read." After quoting a passage from the letter, he adds:

"Laziness, which is a sign of civilization in the planter, is an indication of barbarism and worthlessness in the laborer! The whole argument is the offspring of the idea which is at the bottom of slavery, viz.: that one man exists for the profit and convenience of another. In the good time coming we shall all be lazy; that is, labor will be equalized, and pleasure and recreation equalized also. The man who writes an illogical leader in *The New York World*, and gets ten dollars for it, and loafs three-quarters of the day, thinks the free negro of Jamaica, who lolls in the shade and luxuriates upon yams and mangoes, is lapsing into barbarism, because he don't work any more than is necessary. At any rate, the negro has this advantage over *The World* writer: he, at least, does not abuse pen, ink and paper in attempts to mislead public opinion."

DICKINSON COLLEGE—MR. COFFEY'S ORATION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: In your issue for July 28th, you have a notice of the address of George A. Coffey, Esq., of Philadelphia, before the Alumni of Dickinson College, in which you seem to have been misinformed on several points. As a journalist, and especially as the editor of THE STANDARD, I know you would not willingly do injustice anywhere, nor give your readers wrong views of facts or opinions. I take it for granted, therefore, you will gladly admit the corrections I offer you.

You say, "Dickinson College is quite a pro-slavery institution." This, certainly, would be news in Carlisle. South of the line they charge quite the opposite. The average tone of sentiment there has, in fact, little sympathy with either extreme; but, to my personal knowledge, every variety of opinion is freely set forth by the students in their essays and discussions and selected declamations. The law that prevails is, the largest personal liberty—"Search all things, hold fast that which is good."

You say in the next sentence: "Most of its Presidents and Professors are from the South." All opposite is the fact. Of the present Faculty, only one man is from Virginia. The rest are from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

You say that, during the speech, "Some of his ministerial auditors put on their hats and left the house." Some four or five of the auditors—his brother Alumni, whom he was specially addressing, none of them ministers, I think—"left the house," and it is supposable they afterward "put on their hats." Before the audience they acted as became gentlemen. The *breeze* you supposed to have been raised was mostly in the Philadelphia papers when the speech was published. It caused very little remark in Carlisle beyond the expression that it was ill-timed, or in bad taste.

The following paragraph from a report of the proceedings of Commencement week, as published in *The Christian Advocate and Journal* of New York, gives a fair representation of the feeling at Carlisle.

"In the evening followed the oration before the associated Alumni, by George A. Coffey, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. Coffey is a man of superior parts, of acknowledged reputation and power as a public speaker, and a devoted party patriot. His subject, 'The Relation between the Despotism of Public Opinion and Individual Liberty,' led of necessity into the purlieus of party politics—delicate if not improper ground to tread on occasion of these literary festivals. A man like Wendell Phillips, who has put himself out of the pale of all parties, may crucify all politics without giving offence, or at least will only offend all equally. But with a declared and zealous partizan it is otherwise. When he bears hard on his own party, his admirers take it as all right, thinking he is thereby gaining a vantage ground from which to come down with a deadlier swoop on the adversary; and when he bears equally hard on the other party, they take it as quite one-sided. The account, however, was well squared off in the reunion of the Alumni, which followed after the oration, in which whatever was felt to be objectionable in Mr. Coffey's speech was fully answered from the other side, and no man, I believe, listened to these rejoinders with more complacency than the orator himself, who claims for all, as against all despotisms, the largest liberty of thought and speech everywhere." ALUMNUS.

[Our remarks in relation to Dickinson College were predicated, not upon our own personal knowledge, but upon information received from one who certainly meant to give us the exact truth—no more, no less. "ALUMNUS" having communicated his name as a guarantee of his responsibility, we cheerfully give place to his statement.—*Ed. Standard.*]

THE PRESS CALLED RELIGIOUS.—*The Free Church Portfolio*, a strictly orthodox paper, says:

"An intelligent foreigner who had no other sources of knowledge but the '*religious*' press, would suppose that Christianity in this country was in the babyhood of its existence, 'puking and puling in its nurse's arms.' There is an immense amount of sanctimonious twaddle, designed to cover over and hide from the condemnation of good people gross dereliction of duty. What the world needs, is a manly, courageous, straightforward type of religion, that can afford to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to all questions of human interest."

The religion that "speaks the truth in regard to all questions of human interest" gets branded by the American Ministry and Church as infidelity. "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, and that put darkness for light, and light for darkness."

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.—The friends of the anti-slavery cause in this city should all make a point of attending the monthly meeting for conference and prayer, at the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock. This meeting is usually one of deep interest, and it affords a very desirable opportunity for Abolitionists to compare views and stir each other up to "remember those in bonds as bound with them."

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...XXXVI.

JULY 16, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Since I wrote last we have had the opportunity of reading Mr. Sumner's speech entire. I know no instance in which it was so necessary to have read the whole in order to understand any part; and certainly I can recall no case in which careless and conceited critics have cut a more wretched figure in condemning a production before they understood it. They supposed themselves on safe ground when they cited passages of denunciation, leaving (as such isolated passages must) an impression that the speaker had outraged the principles and spirit of legislative debate by personal imputation and provocation to passion. Mr. Sumner's own friends here regretted what they saw, simply because personal accusation and insult can never do any good, and must, in a crisis like that of your polity, render a complete rupture inevitable. As soon as we got the whole speech, however, the aspect of the quoted paragraphs was entirely changed. Instead of a piece of stimulating invective, we find the speech to be a chapter of history, and an exposition, calm and rational, of the workings of a social institution which is brought forward for discussion, and so placed on its trial, by Mr. Sumner's opponents. To me it appears a production of altogether incalculable importance, apart from its merits in detail. Till now, if we could have met with such a phenomenon in England as a person who was not convinced of the wickedness and folly of slavery, we should not have known where to turn for a compact, reliable, serviceable statement of the modern case of slave and free labor. We felt, too, that the Southern citizens had no chance of knowing the truth, because, while a fair account of slavery would never be issued by slaveholders, the question is too completely settled everywhere else to need proving. I have myself experienced this difficulty in one instance. And now, Mr. Sumner has done what it seemed very improbable could ever be done. He has stated and established the whole case; and the whole world will believe every line of it, whatever the South may pretend to the contrary. When I say "every line of it," I mean every line of his statement of facts. There are certain points of his reasoning on which we may and will have differing opinions. For instance, he does not satisfy some of us by his interpretation of the Constitution in its relation to Southern slavery. But all the main objects of his great effort must surely be obtained. The ground is cut away completely from under the feet of the vindicators of slavery. There is nothing left to be said about the matter; and every comment attempted by pro-slavery speakers and writers only renders their cause more desperate.

Then comes the grave consideration that this speech determines the fate of the Union. Can there be two opinions about this? Is it possible that, after such an exposition of facts, there can either be, on the one hand, an extension of Southern institutions over the Union, or, on the other, a reform at the South which would fit it for a new and true partnership with the North? As for the continuance of the existing partnership on such terms as are now exhibited to the world, I suppose no one assumes the possibility of it. Though the alliance was virtually at an end before, Mr. Sumner's demonstration acts as an announcement of the fact, and thereby marks a period in your history. On no occasion in your experience as a nation, then, can a more portentous utterance have been heard than when Mr. Sumner was delivering his most true and indisputable statement of the nature and operation of slavery. We shall wait with deep interest to see whether that statement occasions any conversions among slaveowners. Considering the ignorance in which they are reared, we may fairly hope for such an effect. If we hear of none, we shall be compelled to regard the case of the South as desperate. At such a time, no attention can be wasted on the comments of bullies on the speech. They cannot overthrow the facts; and among the hostile remarks that we have seen in your newspapers, there is not one that seems to deserve the attention of Mr. Sumner's friends, any more than of himself.

While this speech appears to be the starting point of a new period for you, we cannot feel that we know, any better than before, what to expect in the next place. Everything that happens shows more and more plainly that slavery must come to an end; and, at the same time, that your redemption is not likely to be wrought out by any President, or any organization of functionaries. In the Russian case, as I have before explained, the removal of the entire body of existing functionaries, and of the clique which supports them, is the necessary first step towards serf-emancipation. Till it is completely done, the actual process aimed at cannot be begun; and nobody believes that this indispensable condition will or can be fulfilled by an Emperor surrounded as the Czar always is. The American case is incalculably easier, both on account of your being a Confederation, and of the work depending on the will and pleasure of the community, instead of on the will and pleasure of an autocrat who is in the hands of men determined that emancipation shall never take place in their day. If your Southern fellow-citizens could but see how blessed they are in the possession of power to throw off their curse at their own will, they might yet redeem their children and their country from destruction; whereas the Russian serf-owner is so encompassed with difficulties, and so absolutely destitute of political rights, that he may be pardoned for the despair he expresses, when opening his heart to a friend in whispers, in the safest corner of his own house. If the landed gentry of Russia had the power of your slaveowners, their laboring classes would soon be free, and they themselves happier than any Russians can be now.

Since I last touched on this subject, another book, of great merit and importance, has reached us, to guide our anticipations as to the fate of the serfs and their owners. A citizen of Moscow, highly qualified to instruct us about his country, has published (at Berlin, as he cannot do it at home) a work called "Etudes sur l'Avenir de la Russie." He takes the fictitious name of D. R. Schédo-Ferroti. Let us hope that all these recent works on Russia will be widely read in the United States, that the truth of the case may be thoroughly understood there, where it imports so much.

I see that your Paris Correspondent writes to you about the odd series of pamphlets which has been for some time appearing at Paris. It is well understood that under the French censorship all political works which appear, and are unpunished, are in fact authorized by the Government. One of the most recent (and most absurd) of these, bullies England for her sympathy with the freedom-seeking Germans, and her good understanding with her allies generally, and threatens her with a fate which we cannot say we have much dread of at present. We are told that we are blind to our real danger; and that, if we are to be trodden out as a nation, it will be by the combined forces of Russia and the United States! Of course, we are recommended to court the friendship of the French Emperor, to obtain protection from such a fate! This wonderful programme appears just when Russia cannot effect a loan in the European markets; when her credit has so collapsed at home and abroad, that the Czar's Government does not know which way to turn for rescue from embarrassment; when she is set aside in all calculations about European affairs, because it is known that she cannot make war; and when the Czar puts forth his plaint (as he can do no more) against the progress of liberty in Italy, and the homage rendered to Victor Emanuel: just when Mr. Sumner is exposing in the American Senate the deplorable condition of society in one section of the Union, and of the liberties of the citizens in both. At such a time as this, when France is threatening every European State in turn, rendering peace impossible, and hampering the course and the cause of liberty in all directions, it is *too* absurd to point to you and to the Russians as our real enemies. No one knows better than the French Emperor that people who have slaves at home in the 19th century cannot be quiet, but also cannot be very dangerous enemies. As the late Czar blustered, and as the present French Government blusters, so does your pro-slavery Government bluster. There has been, and there may be, more or less territorial aggrandisement in each case by means of threat and cunning; but, as against England, such methods do not answer; and if a war of aggression were attempted against our free nation (which is improbable) it could not succeed while the aggressors had a single slave at home. It should be remembered that even the Turks invariably beat the Russians on the Danube, before the English and French arrived. No—we fear no war, for we have no quarrel, in the first place; and next, if occasion arose, we should, with our political content, our popular freedom and love of country, and our voluntary system in military matters, be more than a match for any foe less strongly supported. It is a fact worth notice that the government newspapers in France have avoided all notice of the Queen's review of the Volunteers, last month—the most remarkable spectacle of our day and generation—while the Emperor is quietly instituting a rifle organization of his own—ignoring the radical difference between such institutions under a conscription and a volunteer military system. While he was showing himself so conscious by the silence of his organs, a large number of Frenchmen were in the Park, as delighted by the spectacle as everybody else. We have a hearty friendship with such neighbors as they are, and have no expectation of ever coming to blows with them; and we and they understand well enough that the way to keep the peace with such a sovereign as theirs is to have no reason to fear him. You will have observed how bitterly he complains of being misunderstood by all the world; and you will rejoice that his reputation for bad faith is thus evidently established, and his arts, therefore, deprived of half their danger.

It cannot be necessary to enter into any elaborate explanations in reply to the strange allegations made in the Senate at Washington about the conduct of England in regard to the slave trade. Those imputations are as absurdly untrue as the declaration (often disproved and always repeated) that our West India colonies have been ruined by emancipation. The only avoidable drawback on our effectiveness on the African coast and in the western seas, arises from the restrictions imposed by the Washington Government itself. But for the (I must say) nonsense talked, in the interest of slavery, about the Right of Visit; but for the reluctance of American commanders and crews on the spot to thwart slavers and rescue slaves, the traffic might have been rendered nearly impossible all this time. What has actually been done by British cruisers is also on record. The charge about the Coolie trade to our colonies is equally false. I am, as you know, opposed to that sort of migration of labor. I anticipate far more harm than good from conveying laborers of one race and nation to work for capitalists of another race and nation. But, I must say, if it is done at all, I do not see that it could be done with more care and success than in the case of the Coolies now at the Mauritius and in some of the West India colonies. The law provides for their freedom of action in coming and going, and their protection afterwards; and the health, prosperity and alacrity of the men, women and children who pass to and fro seem to show that the law is well observed. I am not aware of any characteristic of slavery that is disclosed by their case. I am bound to say this—inclined as I am to believe that there is, in most cases, a sufficiency of indigenous labor on the spot, if it were properly respected and invited. I have said nothing of our domestic politics, Parliament being so near its rising.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS....No. XX.

July 15, 1860.

"WHEN my ears are confused with the noise of the courtiers—the fanatics who think themselves our masters, and the hypocrites who think us their dupes—when I am stifling under the weight of an atmosphere full of servile and corrupting miasma, I go and breathe a fresher air and take a bath of life in free England." So wrote Montalembert in the pamphlet for which he was prosecuted, and so I have just done. I found myself in England in time to see the grand review of the volunteers. A strange sight, indeed—twenty thousand men, dressed in all possible shades of gray and green, brought together, not by the initiative of the State, not by compulsion, but by the patriotic fear of an invasion, and by the desire to prepare themselves for that emergency. I never saw a better behaved crowd than the multitude of people who assisted on that day in Hyde Park, and, by what one sees in France, I was not prepared even to imagine the burst of deep and real enthusiasm with which Queen Victoria was received by her people and the volunteers—Queen Victoria, the living representative of the great principles of liberty and morality on the throne, equally worthy of respect as an individual and as the sovereign of a free people. I could enter with my imagination into the thoughts of all the witnesses of this imposing scene, and could even imagine, when I turned my eye on the high statue of the Iron Duke, what his thoughts would have been if he had been recalled to life. My personal thoughts, I must say, were far from being pleasant. I could not help feeling a sympathy with those people, who were preparing for the defence of their liberties, but could not help asking myself why this spirit of war was raging among a peaceful people, devoted to all the arts of civilization. I thought of the thousands of young men in other countries, in all Europe, from the Pyrenees to the great Asiatic chain of the Oural, carried away from their homes and their families, and drilled for the bloody game of war; and to whom was this sacrifice of blood, and treasure, and human activity, to be offered? Who was to be the consumer of this enormous amount of vital force, lost forever? who is this modern Minotaur? Oh! if it were only for liberty, I should be consoled; but liberty, in our day, is only a pretext, a weapon, in the hands of the most dangerous despotism that ever threatened the world. The sinister ruler who lives in the Tuilleries has shown, in the country where he reigns, what respect he has for liberty; and the system which he has put in force is, to a philosophic observer, a menace not only to the liberty, but to the very independence of Europe. How can it be otherwise? How is that system superior to those which were in force before in France? Can it be by the eloquence of its oratory, where the Parliament is mute and servile? by the morality of the rulers, where there is no publicity, and where immorality is the best test of a needed servility? by the prestige of literature and arts, where the higher thoughts are abandoned and intellectual life is at a standstill? by the purity of the magistrates, where they are expected to do the contrary of the maxim of the ancient magistrature, "*Nous rendons des arrêts, et non des services*"? by the development of industry and agriculture, where the expenditure is so extravagant that nobody knows to what financial crisis we shall finally come? by the magnificence of the capital? But is this a criterion of real greatness? was not Rome, the finest city of the world, under the most despicable of the emperors? No; the regime of the 2d December excels the ancient monarchy, the constitutional monarchy of the house of Orleans, the republic, in nothing except in war; and war must be its destiny. This conviction has now thoroughly entered all minds throughout Europe, and this is the reason why England, France, Prussia, Austria, Italy, Russia are all like a camp. But this fear of war has as bad effects as war itself; it is as ruinous, it creates as much hatred, and it will, in the long run, be found quite as insupportable by France and the other nations as the ambition and reckless love of battle of the first Bonaparte.

While in England, I went several times to the House of Commons. It is an idea among many people that there is much talk in Parliament, while very few practical things are done. This argument is constantly used by the Bonapartists here. I advise those among them who are sincere in these declarations (perhaps none of them are so) to go to the House of Commons. Nothing can be imagined more practical and business-like—no ostentation, no show, except the speaker's wig; ministers and members with hats on their heads; every speech to the point; no time lost. There is almost too much of this spirit; too much fear of rhetoric and eloquence; something too dry, too matter of fact. A speech like the excellent speech of Charles Sumner on slavery would not be borne, on account of its length, though it is read with so much pleasure in a printed form.

Prevôt Paradol has been condemned to a month's imprisonment for the pamphlet I mentioned in my last letter; but new pamphlets are coming out. This year we shall disturb the eagle's rest.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent wisheth for the Abolition of Slavery—And on whose account—He vindicateth the Abolitionists—His description of their clerical cen ure and cooks—He maketh a confession—And appealeth to the slaveholders—He quoteth Scripture—And boasteth of his resisting of the Devil—His oratorical shortcomings—He depreciateth Pic Nics—But glorifieth himself—And describes that at Abington—He commendeth the weather, the scene, the speaking and the President—He rejoiceth in the downfall of the late Corresponding Editor—He teileth of the Old Gentlemen—And of the new Anti-Slavery trial, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, August 6, 1860.

DON'T you wish they would abolish slavery? I am sure *I* do. I know that we have it from the very best authority that the slaves don't wish anything of the sort, as they very much prefer their present happy condition, and are infinitely obliged to us Abolitionists for having "put back the day of Emancipation two hundred years." But then, you know, black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect, so that their wishes are nothing to the purpose. Whether Abolition would be a good thing for the slave or not, it certainly would be for the Abolitionists; and I should look upon it as a personal favor if the Slaveholders would set about doing it, out of hand. It is not true that we follow up this pursuit as a mere matter of diversion. We do not hunt this kind of game purely for the pleasure of the chase. We shall be very glad to call in the hounds and give it over forever whenever they have fairly throttled the quarry. To be sure, we have our incidental refreshments and wayside consolations to support our spirits during the long run we have to keep up. When Mr. Phillips, for instance, serves up a slavecatching political candidate, well roasted, with tongue sauce and a garnish of brains, followed, perhaps, by a fricassee of pro-slavery ministers or a grilled South-side Doctor in Divinity, done to a turn by Mr. Pillsbury or Mr. Foster, it hath a strengthening and enlivening effect, and grace should always be said with grateful hearts after every such season of refreshing. But we had rather that these parasitic animals should either perish off the earth with the horrid monster whose jackals they are, or, what were better, should take to more innocent and useful courses when this occasion of offending is removed out of their way.

The fact is, I, for one, am not fond of large collections of my fellow-men. I was brought up at the feet of the late Dr. Channing, and, though I could not exactly see as he did the dangers of Associated Action, I could fully sympathize with his dislike of it. I never could see the harm of Organizations, but I have ever felt them to be unpleasant necessities, and it has always been a cross to me to take part in them. Now, if the Slaveholders would only be so very obliging as to abolish slavery, I should at once be discharged of the duties of the Anti-Slavery Warfare, and never need take part in any large muster or review of the troops again. Of course not—for the army would be *ipso facto* disbanded. The teaching of the New Testament as to the blessing that would attend on two or three gathered together, always hit my notions exactly. You will remember that it is in the Old Testament that it is recorded that when the Sons of God were gathered together—of course, in large numbers—there Satan came also. I think I have known this to happen within my own experience several times. Indeed, it has been appointed to me, more than once, to exorcise or lay the evil spirit. The old classical maxim as to the right number for a dinner-party—not more than the Muses nor fewer than the Graces—always seemed to me as sensible as it is elegant. I think, therefore, that it should be counted unto me for righteousness that I attend so faithfully the crowded meetings which the Anti-Slavery Agitation is sure to bring together. I go to none other. I suppose you may believe me when I say that I have never assisted (as the French say) at any one of Mr. Everett's seventy-five Mount Vernon Speeches—or rather his seventy-five rehearsals of one; but I am not sure that it will do to confess that I have never heard Theodore Parker preach (since he left West Roxbury), nor yet Henry Ward Beecher lecture. Such is the fact, and let my enemies make the best—or the worst—of it.

And I think I like the open air meetings, called of men Pic-Nics, even worse than those held in ceiled houses. Marry, the air is better, I allow; but the season is one not fitted for human congregation. Still, I go to them, and give your readers accounts of them from year to year, as they will find by turning to their files of THE STANDARD, and that without complaining. But it is due to myself that I make at least one statement of my actual griefs and sufferings. Last week I went to Abington with a goodly assembly to celebrate the First of August. I cannot deny that everything was as propitious as it could well be on such an occasion. The day was as well conducted as it could have been if I had brought it up from infancy myself for the purpose. There was not even a cloud to hang a fear of rain upon, and the temperature was precisely of that degree, neither cold nor warm, which, whatever it may be in doctrine, is most orthodox in weather. The crowd was very great—or, at least, the attendance, for there hardly could be a crowd where there was such a wealth of elbow-room. That is, if one stood outside the amphitheatre of seats—for it was as crowded within them as if it had been the Melodeon or the Music Hall. And I must say that none of those there seemed to share in my objections to Meetings, whether in the open air or under cover. They evidently had great enjoyment of the day, the excursion and the oratory. And, indeed, I cannot deny that after I was actually there, in fact after I was fairly under way to go there, I did have a pretty good time myself. But then, you know, virtue is its own reward, and it sometimes gets something thrown into the bargain, as I did. I can't say that I "was blest in my basket and my store"—for I didn't carry any; but I was blest in the basket and the store of somebody else, which answered the purpose just as well—or a little better.

The scene was really a beautiful one. I have described it so often that it must be fresh in the recollection of all your steady-going old subscribers. The younger generation must refer to a file, if it wants to be booked up on this point. There was a great improvement over the last year. Then, you may remember, the pretty lakelet which embraces the Grove so as to peninsularize it had been drained off, in consequence of a quarrel between the powers ruling over the water and over the wood. These last refusing to pay the rent demanded for the water by the owner of the dam which creates the lake, he had let it down and with it let down the water, leaving in its stead an unsightly and unsavory mass of mud. This year, I suppose, a plan had been arranged, for the lake was brimming full, with water-lilies riding at anchor in its bays, and sail-boats and row-boats gliding about in all directions over its surface. The speaking was very excellent. Mr. Heywood, who spoke first, after reading the letters of Messrs. C. F. Adams, Sumner, Garrison and Andrew, made a very telling and animated speech, excellent in itself and giving promise of yet better things to come, with greater practice and experience. The Rev. Mr. Conway, of Cincinnati, followed in a powerful and well-reasoned address. Messrs. Ford Douglass, Hon. N. H. Whiting, Davis of Plymouth, Remond and others, spoke besides, and spoke well in their various styles. It was observable that, though they all started from the point of West India Emancipation, they all very soon found themselves hammering away at American Slavery and the State and Church that sustain it. It reminded me of what the sign-painter said whose particular speciality was the painting of Red Lions, when he was directed, by a more heavenly-minded innkeeper than usual, to paint him an Angel—"If you insist upon it, I will paint you an Angel; but I give fair warning beforehand that it will look most confoundedly like a Red Lion!" And so the Angel of British mercy could not help being transformed, in the mouths of our orators, into the red and roaring Lion of American Slavery.

One reason of the success of the meeting was that it was extremely well presided over by J. B. Swasey, Esq., of Newburyport. It was a great relief to me to see somebody else in the chair, besides that everlasting late Corresponding Editor of yours. I never feel at my ease when he is predominating over a meeting—he is so arbitrary and tyrannical, and so hostile to Free Speech in its largest latitude. I know he hardly ever lets me have a chance—I suppose because he knows that if the people once had a taste of my quality, they would not be willing to listen to those persons whom he forces upon them. I have even known him to snub and silence presidential candidates, whose chances are at least as good as those of Senator Douglas or Mr. Bell—certainly, with the people. On this occasion, however, he was taught to know that he does not hold a commission of President for Life, and was reduced to the ranks in an exemplary manner. I trust he will never be permitted to emerge from that mental obscurity again. Mr. Swasey did all his spiriting gently and skilfully, and brought the meeting to a prosperous conclusion. There were extra trains, of course, from either end of the Old Colony Railway, and greater numbers yet were brought upon the ground by horse-power, from the neighboring inland. On the whole, it was a successful Celebration—so much so that even I forgave it for being a crowd and a pic-nic.

I should not have entered so fully into my own opinions as to Meetings in general, or given so much space to this in particular, if I had had anything else to say. But the summer is a dead time, as all newspaper men know—unless they are lucky enough to bag a Great Eastern, a covey of Japanese, or a Prince of Wales. None of these having fallen to our lot, during the past fortnight, I have been obliged to fall back upon my own emotions and the only anti-slavery event of the two weeks, for the raw materials of the web you expect me to weave twice a month. Even our politics have nothing funny about them. The dotage of the Old Gentlemen's party might be food for jest, perhaps, were such a melancholy spectacle properly a laughing matter. These unhappy imbeciles actually believe, or pretend they do, that Massachusetts will vote for Bell, and that, if the election comes into the House and is jockied into the Senate, the Republican Senators would not dare to vote for Hamlin as against Everett! The poor old things have a bell mounted on wheels which they go tottering about the streets, ringing and disturbing the peace. The other night they undertook to fire off some rockets, and their poor paralytic hands sent them horizontally along the streets, breaking windows and narrowly missing killing Christians. Their headquarters are just over the way from the new Anti-Slavery Office, and deluded victims come there and ask whether that is the Bell-Everett shop! We think we shall have to move. The Abolitionists have had a great deal of obloquy to undergo, but never anything like that.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE TWO LAMENTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Over a new-filled grave a maiden tender
Planted, with tears and prayer, a poplar slender:
"Grow, grow, fair tree," she said,
"Lift to the stars thy head,
Where dwells unseen my love;
Rise, ever rise above!

"Let every branch aspire,
As do my arms, mine eyes,
Till with my soul's desire,
Thy summit, mounting higher,
Be hidden in the skies.
Oh, poplar! on this dear mound ever show
A faithful emblem of my love and woe."

Over a new-made grave a lover, bending,
A willow planted, every leaf down tending:
"Droop low to weep," he said,
"Above my blue-eyed maid;
Sad tree, still earthward bow,
As doth my spirit now.

"Droop till thy verdant tresses
The hallowed cold turf sweep,
Mingling their light caresses
With these my fond lip presses,
Where my beloved doth sleep.
Oh, willow! on this dear mound shalt thou grow,
A faithful emblem of my love and woe."

ASPECTS OF SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

From Olmsted's Journey in the Back Country.

A PIOUS SLAVE.

Soon I met a ragged old negro, of whom I asked the way, and at what house within twelve miles I had better stop. He advised me to go to one more than twelve miles distant.

"I suppose," said I, "I can stop at any house along the road here, can't I? They all take in travellers."

"Yes, sir, if you'll take rough fare, such as travellers has to, sometimes. They're all d——d rascals along dis road, for ten or twelve miles, and you'll git nothin' but rough fare. But I say, massa, rough fare's good enough for dis world, ain't it, massa? Dis world ain't nothin'; dis is hell, dis is, I calls it; hell to what's comin' arter, ha! ha! Ef you's prepared? you says. I don't look much's if I was prepared, does I? nor talk like it, nuther. De Lord he cum to me in my cabin in de night time, in de year '45."

"What?"

"De Lord! massa, de bressed Lord! He cum to me in the night time in de year '45, and he says to me, says he, 'I'll spare you yet five year longer, old boy!' So when '50 cum round I thought my time had cum, sure; but as I didn't die, I reckon de Lord has 'cepted of me, and as I 'specs I shall be saved, dough I don't look much like it, ha! ha! ho! ho! de Lord am my rock, and he shall not perwail over me. I will lie down in green pastures and take up my bed in hell, yet will not his mercy circumwent me. Got some tobaccy, master?"

A MISSISSIPPI SLAVEHOLDING ABOLITIONIST.

Yesterday I met a well-dressed man upon the road, and inquired of him if he could recommend me to a comfortable place to pass the night.

"Yes, I can," said he; "you stop at John Watson's. He is a real good fellow, and his wife is a nice, tidy woman; he's got a good house, and you'll be as well taken care of there as in any place I know."

"What I am most concerned about is a clean bed," said I.

"Well, you are safe for that, there."

So distinct a recommendation was unusual, and when I reached the house, he had described to me, though it was not yet dark, I stopped to solicit entertainment.

In the gallery sat a fine, stalwart man, and a woman who in size and figure matched him well. Some ruddy, fat children were playing on the steps. The man wore a full beard, which is very uncommon in these parts. I rode to a horse-block near the gallery, and asked if I could be accommodated for the night. "Oh, yes, you can stay here if you can get along without anything to eat; we don't have anything to eat but once a week." "You look as if it agreed with you; I reckon I'll try it for one night." "Alight, sir, alight. Why, you came from Texas, didn't you? Your rig looks like it," he said, as I dismounted. "Yes, I've just crossed Texas, all the way from the Rio Grande." "Have you, though? Well, I'll be right glad to hear something of that country." He threw my saddle and bags across the rail of the gallery, and we walked together to the stable.

"I hear that there are a great many Germans in the western part of Texas," he said presently.

"There are a great many; west of the Guadaloupe, more Germans than Americans born."

"Have they got many slaves?"

"No."

"Well, won't they break off and make a free State down there, by-and-by?"

"I should think it not impossible that they might."

"I wish to God they would; I would like right well to go and settle there if it was free from slavery. You see, Kansas and all the free States are too far north for me; I was raised in Alabama, and I don't want to move into a colder climate; but I would like to go into a country where they had not got this curse of slavery."

He said this not knowing that I was a Northern man; greatly surprised, I asked, "What are your objections to slavery, sir?"

"Objections! The first's here" (striking his breast); "I never could bring myself to like it. Well, sir, I know slavery is wrong, and God'll put an end to it. It's bound to come to an end, and when the end does come there'll be woe in the land. And, instead of preparing for it, and trying to make it as light as possible, we are doing nothing but make it worse and worse. That's the way it appears to me, and I'd rather get out of these parts before it comes. Then, I've another objection to it. I don't like to have slaves about me. Now, I tell a nigger to go and feed your horse; I never know if he's done it unless I go and see; and if he didn't know I would go and see, and would whip him if I found he hadn't fed him, would he feed him? He'd let him starve. I've got as good niggers as anybody, but I never can depend on them; they will lie, and they will steal, and take advantage of me in every way they dare. Of course they will if they are slaves. But lying and stealing are not the worst of it. I've got a family of children, and I don't like to have such degraded beings round my house while they are growing up. I know what the consequences are to children of growing up among slaves."

I here told him that I was a Northern man, and asked if he could safely utter such sentiments among the people of this District, who bore the reputation of being among the most extreme and fanatical devotees of slavery. "I have been told a hundred times I should be killed if I were not more prudent in expressing my opinions, but when it comes to killing, I'm as good as the next man, and they know it. I never came the worst out of a fight yet since I was a boy. I never am afraid to speak what I think to anybody. I don't think I ever shall be."

"Are there many persons here who have as bad an opinion of slavery as you have?"

"I reckon you never saw a conscientious man who had been brought up among slaves who did not think of it pretty much as I do—did you?"

"Yes, I think I have, a good many."

"Ah! self-interest warps men's minds wonderfully, but I don't believe there are many who don't think so sometimes—it's impossible, I know, that they don't."

Were there any others in this neighborhood, I asked, who avowedly hated slavery? He replied that there were a good many mechanics, all the mechanics he knew, who felt slavery to be a great curse to them, and who wanted to see it brought to an end in some way. The competition in which they were constantly made to feel themselves engaged with slave labor was degrading to them, and they felt it to be so. He knew a poor, hard-working man who was lately offered the services of three negroes for six years each if he would let them learn his trade, but he refused the proposal with indignation, saying he would starve before he helped a slave to become a mechanic. There was a good deal of talk now among them about getting laws passed to prevent the owners of slaves from having them taught trades, and to prohibit slave-mechanics from being hired out. He could go out to-morrow, he supposed, and in the course of a day get two hundred signatures to a paper alleging that slavery was a curse to the people of Mississippi, and praying the Legislature to take measures to relieve them of it as soon as practicable. (The county contains three times as many slaves as whites.)

HOSPITALITY IN OLD VIRGINIA.

On a hot morning in July a Northern traveller left the town of Lynchburg, the chief market-town of Virginia tobacco, and rode eastwardly toward Farmville. Suddenly taken severely ill, and no house being in sight, he turned from the road into the shade of the wood, dismounted, reclined against a sturdy trunk, took an anodyne, which he fortunately had with him, and at length found relief in sleep. Late in the day he awoke, somewhat recovered, but with a sharp headache and much debilitated. He managed, however, to mount, and rode slowly on to find a shelter for the night. In half an hour the welcome sight of an old plantation-mansion greeted his eyes. There was a large court, with shade trees and shrubbery between the road and the house, and in the corner of this court, facing the road, a small warehouse or barn, in and around which were a number of negroes moving casks of tobacco. A white man, evidently their owner, was superintending their labor, and to him the traveller applied for lodging for the night.

"We don't take in strangers."

The traveller informed the planter of his illness and inability to ride further.

"You'll have to try to ride as far as the next house, sir; we don't take in travellers," was the reply.

"Really I don't feel able. I should not like to put you to inconvenience, sir, but I am weak and faint. My horse, too, has eaten nothing since early in the morning."

"Sorry for you, but we have no accommodations for travellers here," was the only reply, and the planter stepped to the other side of a tobacco cask.

The traveller rode on. About half an hour afterwards he came in sight of another house. It was a distance from the road, and to reach it he was obliged to let down and put up again three different sets of fence-bars. The owner was not at home, and his wife said they were not accustomed to take in strangers. "It was not far to the next house," she added, as the traveller hesitated.

He reached, at length, the next house, which proved to be the residence of another large tobacco-planter, who sat smoking in its veranda, as the traveller rode near and made his petition.

"We don't take in travellers," was again his answer.

The sick man stated his special claims to kindness, and the planter good-naturedly inquired the particulars, asked how far he had ridden, where he got his horse and his dog, whither he was bound, and so on (did not ask where he was born or what were his politics). The traveller again stated that he was ill, unable to ride further, and begged permission to remain for the night under the planter's roof, and again the planter carelessly replied that they didn't take in travellers; anon, asked how crops were looking further west, and talked of guano, the war news, and the prospect for peaches. It became dusk while the traveller lingered, and the negroes came in with their hoes over their shoulders from the fields across the road, but the planter continued chatting and smoking, not even offering the traveller a cigar, till at length the latter said, "If you really cannot keep me to-night I must go on, sir; I cannot keep my horse much longer, I fear."

"It is not far to the next house."

"But I have already called at three houses to-night, sir."

"Well, you see, since the railroad was done, people here don't reckon to take in travellers as they once did. So few come along they don't find their account in being ready for them."

The traveller asked for a drink of water, which a negro brought in a calabash, bade good night to the planter, and rode on through the woods. Night presently set in; the road crossed a swamp and was difficult to follow, and for more than an hour he rode on—seeing no house—without stopping. Then, crossing water, he deliberated whether he should not bivouac for the night where he was. He had with him a few biscuits and some dried figs. He had not eaten hitherto, hoping constantly to come to a habitation where it might happen he could get a cup of tea, of which he felt more particularly in need. He stopped, took some nourishment, the first he had tasted in fifteen hours, and taking also a little brandy, gained strength and courage to continue his journey. A bright light soon cheered him, and after a time he made his way to a large white house, in the rear of which was an old negro woman stirring the contents of a cauldron which stood over the fire, by which he had been guided. The old woman had the appearance of a house servant, and he requested her to ask her master if he would favor him with lodging for the night.

"Her master did not take in travellers," she said; "besides, he was gone to bed; and she stirred on, hardly looking at the traveller till he put his hand in his pocket, and holding forth silver, said,

"Now, aunty, mind what I tell you. Do you go in to your master and say to him, 'There is a gentleman outside who says he is sick, and that his horse is tired and has had nothing to eat to-day; that he is a stranger and has been benighted, don't know the roads, is not well enough to ride further, and wants to know if you won't be so kind as to let him stay here to-night.'"

"Yes, massa, I'll tell him; 'twon't do no good, though, and he'll be almighty cross."

She went in, returned after a few minutes, seized her paddle, and began stirring before she uttered the words,

"Says yer can go on to the store, he reckon."

It was after ten o'clock when the traveller reached the next house. It stood close upon the road, and the voice of a woman answered a knock upon the door, and in reply to the demand said it was not far to the store, and she reckoned they accommodated travellers there.

Finally, at the store, the traveller succeeded in getting admittance, was comfortably lodged and well entertained by an amiable family. Their kindness was of such a character that he felt in the position of an invited guest, unable to demand and unwilling to suggest any volunteered service. There was no indication that the house was an inn, yet the traveller's experience left him little room to hesitate to offer money, nor was there the slightest hesitation on the part of the storekeeper in naming the amount due for the entertainment he had, or in taking it.

THE UPLAND PATH.

Wise men—or such as to the world seem wise,
Picture old age the downhill path of Life,
Dimmed by the vapors of a lower earth,
Drawn from its stagnant waters. Nay, not so;
But, rather, upward where the mountains stand
Guarding the young green valleys, lies his way
On whose broad front is set the crown of years.
Silent, and filled with beauty, shall he go,
As one who travels towards the source of streams,
And, pondering thoughtfully, comes unaware
On landlocked tarns, whose stilly waters keep
The face of heaven in memory! Far below,
The maddening rivers keep the seas in chase,
Till the vexed ocean beats the curbing shore:
And, striving still for mastery, the rough winds
Grapple the yielding argosies. Not for him
Sounds their wild roar amid his calm of skies.
Save when, perchance, some shriek of human woe
Leaps to the clouds that roll beneath his feet,
Touching the common nature in his heart,
Unmoved he stands, and, in a trance of soul,
Mid God-ward dreams, between the rifted peaks
Beholds the face Divine. So, pressing on,
Higher and higher still, and breathing still
A clearer, purer air, he comes at length
To earth's last foothold, and stands face to face
With the great Change! Undaunted, undismayed,
Though round him close the everlasting hills,
And darkness falls upon him as a shroud,
He casts his feeble frame on Nature's heart,
That beats to his again; then, heavenward bound,
Sets firm his foot upon the Path of Souls.

—*Chambers's Journal.* E. L. HERVEY.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

Under the above title, Mr. R. D. Owen, formerly member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples, has published, in his own country, a volume on so-called supernatural revelations and appearances. A belief in such things—apparently coeval with humanity itself—was thoroughly put out of countenance in the last century, and has long been left to the meanest vulgar. It is now reviving, not only in America, but in this country, with, however, this material difference, that the modern professor of the faith claims for it a legitimate place in the universal frame of things, and presents himself as seeking for the laws under which it is regulated. Mr. Owen enters upon his work in this spirit. He collects, in the first place, narratives involving mystic facts which can be well authenticated, and then endeavors to come to some general conclusion as to these partial gleamings from the confines of another world. He discusses in a calm, reasoning way, the opposition to mystic subjects, which appears to rest on a syllogism: the laws of nature being invariable, these facts, which transcend the laws of nature, cannot be true. The proposition of Mr. Owen being granted, that the facts are not transgressions of nature's laws, but the result of some wide though unknown law, this objection may be said to fall to the ground. Such is the philosophy of the book.

A large preliminary section is devoted to the phenomena of sleep and dreaming. The author relates anew many of the anecdotes formerly related by Baxter, Carlyon and Abercrombie, and adds several which he has himself gathered from reputable sources. Of the latter, the following strikes us as the most worthy of notice, seeing that some of the circumstances are very peculiar, and that the narrative is obtained directly from the individual concerned.

"In the winter of 1835–6, a schooner was frozen up in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy, close to Dorchester, which is nine miles from the river Pedeudiac. During the time of her detention, she was intrusted to the care of a gentleman of the name of Clarke, who is at this time captain of the schooner Julia Hallock, trading between New York and St. Jago de Cuba.

"Captain Clarke's paternal grandmother, Mrs. Ann Dawe Clarke, to whom he was much attached, was at that time living, and, so far as he knew, well. She was residing at Lyme-Regis, in the county of Dorset, England.

"On the night of the 17th of February, 1836, Captain Clarke, then on board the schooner referred to, had a dream of so vivid a character that it produced a great impression upon him. He dreamed that, being at Lyme-Regis, he saw pass before him the funeral of his grandmother. He took note of the chief persons who composed the procession, observed who were the pall-bearers, who were the mourners, and in what order they walked, and distinguished who was the officiating pastor. He joined the procession as it approached the churchyard gate, and proceeded with it to the grave. He thought (in his dream) that the weather was stormy, and the ground wet, as after a heavy rain; and he noticed that the wind, being high, blew the pall partly off the coffin. The graveyard which they entered—the old Protestant one, in the centre of the town—was the same in which, as Captain Clarke knew, their family burying-place was. He perfectly remembered its situation; but, to his surprise, the funeral procession did not proceed thither, but to another part of the churchyard, at some distance. There (still in his dream) he saw the open grave, partially filled with water, as from the rain; and, looking into it, he particularly noticed floating in the water two drowned field-mice. Afterward, as he thought, he conversed with his mother; and she told him that the morning had been so tempestuous that the funeral, originally appointed for ten o'clock, had been deferred till four. He remarked, in reply, that it was a fortunate circumstance, for, as he had just arrived in time to join the procession, had the funeral taken place in the forenoon, he could not have attended it at all.

"This dream made so deep an impression on Captain Clarke that in the morning he noted the date of it. Some time afterward there came the news of his grandmother's death, with the additional particular that she was buried on the same day on which he, being in North America, had dreamed of her funeral.

"When, four years afterward, Captain Clarke visited Lyme-Regis, he found that every particular of his dream minutely corresponded with the reality. The pastor, the pall-bearers, the mourners, were the same persons he had seen. Yet this, we may suppose, he might naturally have anticipated. But the funeral *had* been appointed for ten o'clock in the morning, and, in consequence of the tempestuous weather and the heavy rain that was falling, it *had* been delayed until four in the afternoon. His mother, who attended the funeral, distinctly recollected that the high wind blew the pall partially off the coffin. In consequence of a wish expressed by the old lady shortly before her death, she was buried, not in the burying-place of the family, but at another spot selected by herself; and to this spot Captain Clarke, without any indication from the family or otherwise, proceeded at once, as directly as if he had been present at the burial. Finally, on comparing notes with the old sexton, it appeared that the heavy rain of the morning had partially filled the grave, and that there were actually found in it two field-mice drowned.

"This last incident, even if there were no other, might suffice to preclude all idea of accidental coincidence.

"The above was narrated to me by Captain Clarke himself, with permission to use his name in attestation of its truth."

Another section gives details as to supposed haunted houses, including several cases with which the public has long been familiar, and a few others, generally of modern date, which are here introduced to English readers for the first time. Of the latter, none involves more curious occurrences, or has been brought forward on better evidence, than the case of the Cideville Parsonage. This is a village and commune in the department of the Seine Inferieure, about eighty miles north-west of Paris. The date is so recent as 1850, when the parsonage was in the occupation of a simple priest named M. Tinel. With him lived two boys, respectively of twelve and fourteen years of age, with whom, in some way, the mysterious disturbances were apparently connected. These lasted from the 26th November, 1850, till the 15th of February ensuing, when the children were removed from the house. The details are given by Mr. Owen from the depositions of a great number of witnesses in a legal process which took place in consequence of the disturbances, at the instance of a shepherd who was reputed by the country people as their cause; but they run to such a length as to be inadmissible into these pages.

Another large section of the book is devoted to narratives regarding appearances of people out of the body, both during life and after death—all incredible, according to the reigning code of faith on such subjects, and yet all testified to by direct and weighty evidence. One of the most curious refers to a series of circumstances which have recently occurred in London, and have been the subject of a good deal of vague rumor.

"In the month of September, 1857, Captain G. W., of the 6th Dragoon Guards, went out to India to join his regiment.

"His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November, 1857, toward morning, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill, upon which she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight; and, looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in his uniform, the hands pressed across the breast, the hair dishevelled, the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

"Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her; she bent over the sleeping child, and listened to its breathing; the sound was distinct, and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. It need hardly be added that she did not again go to sleep that night.

"Next morning, she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain W. was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of that apparition, that she thenceforth refused all invitations. A young friend urged her, soon afterward, to go with her to a fashionable concert, reminding her that she had received from Malta, sent by her husband, a handsome dress cloak, which she had never yet worn; but she positively declined, declaring that, uncertain as she was whether she was not already a widow, she would never enter a place of amusement until she had letters from her husband (if, indeed, he still lived) of later date than the 14th of November.

"It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December, 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W. was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November.

"This news, given in the morning paper, attracted the attention of Mr. Wilkinson, a London solicitor, who had in charge Captain W.'s affairs. When, at a later period, this gentleman met the widow, she informed him that she had been quite prepared for the melancholy news, but that she felt sure her husband could not have been killed on the 15th of November, inasmuch as it was during the night between the 14th and 15th that he appeared to herself.*

"The certificate from the War Office, however, which it became Mr. Wilkinson's duty to obtain, confirmed the date given in the telegram; its tenor being as follows:

"'No. 9579 1. WAR OFFICE, 30*th January*, 1858.

"'These are to certify that it appears, by the records in this office, that Captain G—— W—— of the 6th Dragoon Guards, was killed in action on the 15th November, 1857.

"'(Signed) B. HAWES.'

"While Mr. Wilkinson's mind remained in uncertainty as to the exact date, a remarkable incident occurred, which seemed to cast further suspicion on the accuracy of the telegram and of the certificate. That gentleman was visiting a friend, whose lady has all her life had perception of apparitions, while her husband is what is usually called an impressible medium; facts which are known, however, only to their intimate friends. Though personally acquainted with them, I am not at liberty to give their names. Let us call them Mr. and Mrs. N.

"Mr. Wilkinson related to them, as a wonderful circumstance, the vision of the captain's widow in connection with his death, and described the figure as it had appeared to her. Mrs. N., turning to her husband, instantly said, 'That must be the very person I saw, the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back. Mr. Wilkinson has described his exact position and appearance; the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his breast, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure,' she added, to Mr. W., 'appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder.'

"'Did you attempt to obtain any communication from him?' Mr. Wilkinson asked.

"'Yes; we procured one through the medium of my husband.'

"'Do you remember its purport?'

"'It was to the effect that he had been killed in India that afternoon, by a wound in the breast; and adding, as I distinctly remember, "That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet." I particularly remarked the expression.'

"'When did this happen?'

"'About nine o'clock in the evening, several weeks ago; but I do not recollect the exact date.'

"'Can you not call to mind something that might enable you to fix the precise day?'

"Mrs. N. reflected. 'I remember nothing,' she said at last, 'except that while my husband was drawing, and I was talking to a lady friend who had called to see us, we were interrupted by a servant bringing in a bill for some German vinegar, and that, as I recommended it as being superior to English, we had a bottle brought in for inspection.'

"'Did you pay the bill at the time?'

"'Yes; I sent out the money by the servant.'

"'Was the bill receipted?'

"'I think so; but I have it up stairs, and can soon ascertain.'

"Mrs. N. produced the bill. Its receipt bore date the *fourteenth* of November!

"This confirmation of the widow's conviction as to the day of her husband's death produced so much impression on Mr. Wilkinson, that he called at the office of Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, the army agents, to ascertain if there was no mistake in the certificate. But nothing there appeared to confirm any surmise of inaccuracy. Captain W.'s death was mentioned in two separate despatches of Sir Colin Campbell, and in both the date corresponded with that given in the telegram.

"So matters rested until, in the month of March, 1858, the family of Captain W. received from Captain G. C., then of the Military Train, a letter dated near Lucknow, on the 19th December, 1857. This letter informed them that Captain W. had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the 15th of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's dispatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C. was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the breast, and never spoke after he was hit. He was buried at the Dilkoosha; and on a wooden cross erected by his friend, Lieutenant R., of the 9th Lancers, at the head of his grave, are cut the initials, G. W., and the date of his death, the 14th of November, 1857.

"The War Office finally made the correction as to the date of death, but not until more than a year after the event occurred. Mr. Wilkinson, having occasion to apply for an additional copy of the certificate in April, 1859, found it in exactly the same words as that which I have given, only that the 14th of November had been substituted for the 15th.

"This extraordinary narrative was obtained by me directly from the parties themselves. The widow of Captain W. kindly consented to examine and correct the manuscript, and allowed me to inspect a copy of Captain C.'s letter, giving the particulars of her husband's death. To Mr. Wilkinson, also, the manuscript was submittted, and he assented to its accuracy so far as he is concerned. That portion which relates to Mrs. N. I had from that lady herself. I have neglected no precaution, therefore, to obtain for it the warrant of authenticity.

"It is, perhaps, the only example on record where the appearance of what is usually termed a ghost proved the means of correcting an erroneous date in the despatches of a commander-in-chief, and of detecting an inaccuracy in the certificate of a War Office."
—*Chambers's Journal.*

* "The difference of longitude between London and Lucknow being about five hours, three or four o'clock *a.m.* in London would be eight or nine o'clock *a.m.* at Lucknow. But it was in the *afternoon*, not in the morning, as will be seen in the sequel, that Captain W. was killed. Had he fallen on the 15th, therefore, the apparition to his wife would have appeared several hours before the engagement in which he fell, and while he was yet alive and well.

OUR LITTLE CHILD WITH RADIANT EYES.

With seeking hearts we still grope on,
Where dropt our jewel in the dust;
The looking crowd have long since gone,
And still we seek with lonely trust:
Oh, little child with radiant eyes!

In all our heartache we are drawn,
Unweeting, to your little grave;
There, on your heavenly shores of dawn,
Breaks gentler sorrow's sobbing wave:
Oh, little child with radiant eyes!

Dark underneath the brightening sod,
The sweetest life of all our years
Is crowded in a gitt to God.
Outside the gate we stand in tears!
Oh, little child with radiant eyes!

Heart-empty as the acorn-cup
That only fills with wintry showers,
The breaking cloud but brimneth up
With tears this pleading life of ours:
Oh, little child with radiant eyes!

We think of you, our angel kith,
Till life grows light with starry leaven;
We never forgot you, darling, with
The gold hair waving high in heaven!
Our little child with radiant eyes!

Your white wings grown will conquer death!
You are coming through our dreams even now,
With azure peep of heaven beneath
The arching glory of your brow,
Our little child with radiant eyes!

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft
You see us with looks of pitying balm;
A hint of heaven—a touch more soft
Than kisses—all the trouble is calm:
Our little child with radiant eyes!

Think of us wearied in the strife,
And when we sit by sorrow's streams,
Shake down upon our drooping life
The dew that brings immortal dreams:
Our little child with radiant eyes!

GERALD MASSEY.

SCOTTISH HUMOR.

AMUSING ILLUSTRATIONS OF IT.

[The following amusing anecdotes we copy from an article in Blackwood's Magazine, on "Scottish National Character."]

A minister of Crail had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, "one David Cowan in Troustrie;" and remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cartloads of coals which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, "a few Sundays afterwards, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the minister. Mr. Glass bore with it for a while; but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft—*Anglice*, gallery—to 'wauken David Cowan.' David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting where he was, asked the minister 'if he didn't drive two cartloads of coals to the manse last week, to let him *sleep?*' 'True,' replied the minister, 'but I did not agree to let you *snore!*'" A simpler version of this story is, that honest David, suddenly aroused out of the peaceable rest for which he had compounded, demanded to know, in amazement and indignation, whether "the coals were a'dune a'ready?"—a most natural inquiry.

Such tales of colloquy in church abound. "Jenny," asks a Dunfermline minister of the same generation, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a preen (pin) about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side." Such instant punishment must have made it dangerous work to trifle with the temper or even attract overmuch the notice of these keen-sighted observers. "An admirable story of a quiet pulpit rebuke," says Dean Ramsay, "is traditionary in the East Neuk of Fife, and told of a seceding minister, a Mr. Shirra, a man well remembered by the older generation for many excellent and some eccentric qualities. An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church, and walked about, as if looking for a seat, but, in fact, to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating, 'Oh, man, will ye sit doun, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's dune.'" This same Mr. Shirra was well known from his quaint and, as it were, parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture; as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste, all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, David, an' ye had been i' this parish, ye might hae said it at your leisure." These dull old kirks, in the end of the eighteenth century, can scarcely have been so dull as one might suppose. Perhaps it is a Boanerges storming in the pulpit, with afternoon auditors woefully unable even to get to sleep; but lo, a dog has followed his master to church, and, unseen, somewhere pays tribute to the eloquence of the sermon, becoming "first excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and from whingeing to whining, as the speaker's voice rises louder and louder, at last beginning to bark and howl." The indignant minister calls upon his beadle to eject the intruder. "Ay, ay, sir," says John, looking up to the pulpit, "but, indeed, *it was yerself that began it.*" Perhaps it is a still more amusing and confusing encounter. "The circumstance happened in a parish of the north. The clergyman, on coming into the church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. The authorities had been unable to remove him without more violence than was seemly, and therefore waited for the minister to dispossess Tam of the place he had assumed. 'Come down, sir, immediately,' was the peremptory and indignant call; and, on Tam being unmoved, it was repeated with still greater energy. Tam, however, very confidently replied, looking down from his elevation, 'Na, na, minister, just ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us baith!'" Or imagine the effect upon a sleepy congregation of the following little episode. "One day when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery, wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, 'You see, even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing.' Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, 'An' if I hadna been an idiot, I wad hae been sleeping too.'" Or of this much more complimentary and pleasant interruption: "Another of these imbeciles, belonging to Peebles, had been sitting at church for some time listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself, he roared out, 'Indeed, minister, there's mair leears in Peebles than me.'"

Some emphatic stories are told by Bishop Low's biographer of a Fife gentleman, poor and witty. Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by the unwelcome sound of thieves rummaging in his drawers, this philosopher awoke with all his wits about him, and the calmest equanimity of spirit. "Hand ye busy, lads, hand ye busy," he says, quietly; "an' ye find any siller there i' the dark, it's mair than I can do in daylight." At another time the same individual had a company assembled to purchase the trees round his house, and, as usual under similar circumstances, it was hinted to him that it would be well to produce a bottle or two of brandy to inspire competition. "Lord have a care o' your daft heads!" exclaimed the poor laird, "if I had two or three bottles of brandy, d'ye think I would sell my trees?" Liberal living, claret and whiskey, not to speak of attainders and confiscations, put more than trees in danger; but despite our national character for frugality there are always pointed anecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Nothing could be more obnoxious to our forefathers than the reproach of meanness, and against no quality is the trenchant force of national sarcasm so contemptuously directed. For example, a master leaving a penurious house charges his servant, who has accompanied him, with the common failing. "Jamie, you are drunk!" "Indeed, sir," answers Jamie, with ineffable disdain, "*I wish I war.*" How fine is the irony! It might not have been good for Jamie, but at least it would have been a "credit" to the house.

ARISTOCRACY.

Let me give it an off-hand blow, here. Hateful, heartless Aristocracy! I detest it above all things. I was subjected to its bloated frown when I was a boy—and I have a very early, if not a native, inborn abhorrence of it. It has no idea you have any rights or any feelings. You do not belong to the same race with your paltry, uppish Aristocrat. He does not associate with you when you are with him. He makes use of you. He does not recognize you as a party in interest in what is going on. You are no more a companion to him, than his horse or his dog—and you are no more than a dog or horse, if you condescend to be of his association. He belongs to the first families. By first here, is meant last and least in everything honorable to humanity. First in idleness, first in indulgence, first in scorn of humanity. Sometimes you will find it happening amid the ranks of humanity and reform. It is when it is eccentric and ill-balanced that it strays in there. It will keep its eccentricity, but not part with its haughtiness. One day or other it will break out. King Richard could carouse and fight by the side of Robin Hood and the outlaws of Sherwood forest; but every now and then outlawed Freedom would tread on the toe of Majesty, and Regality would show its claws and teeth. Richard was an odd king, and went among the brave outlaws, and fought on foot among them. But when Outlawry took the liberty to speak to him on even terms of fellow-soldiership, it roused the Lion in him, and he roared and shook his mane. Aristocracy has none of the Lion in it, but it feels bigger than a whole den of Lions. You must beware of it. You can't live with it. It regards everything allowed you as an allowance, a favor. You have no rights. If you receive anything you must do homage for it.

Now, I like refinement, and dislike coarseness and grossness. I am disgusted at dirtiness of spirit. But I abominate uppishness. I like washed hands, but not these "dainty fingers." Cleanliness and elegance to any extent, and the refined and delicate taste. These are often united with yeomanly nature, with freedom from all superciliousness and self-worship, and I love them. But this Aristocracy I will not tolerate or endure. I have not the slightest respect for it. I will not treat it courteously even. I will not treat it at all. I will not have it about. Out of the way with it, and out of the world. It is the very genius of this accursed slave mastery. You have got to be a slave to it.

It comes by birth. It comes by money. It comes of idleness, even. It is engendered by trade, and by office. Old wealth, however, breeds it the most grossly and offensively; a generation or two of homage paid by poverty to bloated opulence will breed it—the worst kind. It will turn up the nose of the third or fourth generation along, so that it can hardly smell common folks, as they go on the ground. You can tell its nose and upper lip as far as you can see them. And there is a dreadful dumpsy-daisy look about the eyes and eyebrows. As much as to say, "I care considerably less than nothing about ye." And the voice, too—it is amazing peculiar.

Now, anybody may be as well born as they've a mind to. My father was a gentleman, as they call it, and a scholar. A good deal of a scholar. And he was educated. And was of Harvard College—not poor New Hampshire Dartmouth—Harvard College of Massachusetts. And he was of the learned professions. And his father was a learned divine, and his grandfather, and greatgrandfather, and I don't know how far back. One of them, not far back, was President of Harvard College; and, back farther yet, one was burnt at the stake. I am well descended enough, far's I know, but, somehow, it never made me despise anybody. I never could help seeing equal humanity in every living creature, however poor and forlorn. And my father did before me. Perhaps, if he had been an Aristocrat, I should have been one. But he had too much sense. Too much real character and manhood. I am half inclined to think I have. That is, I haven't a vein or an iota of uppish blood in me, and it must be owing to something. I haven't any superfluity of sense, but too much to be an Aristocrat. Finally, it doesn't take much to be an Aristocrat. I guess Aristocracy is lack of sense, as much as anything. Sense, of a certain sort, may accompany it, or be in the same creature. But it is a senseless concern, and, moreover, superlatively hateful.

N. P. ROGERS.

CURIOSITIES OF NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

Here was an antidote to Sunday drowsiness: 1662, the town meeting at Portsmouth "ordered that a cage be made, or some other means be invented, to punish such as sleep on the Lord's day," &c. In 1671, the Select men agreed with John Pinckney to build a cage twelve feet square, with stocks in it, and a pillory on the top, a convenient space from the west end of the meeting house. Deputy-Governor Dudley was had up (1632) for selling a man seven and a half bushels of corn, to receive ten for it after harvest. Winthrop and others thought it usurious.

Nothing is recorded of "the funeral baked meats," but thus much for the liquids: "the funeral expenses of the Rev. Thomas Cobbett, minister of Lynn and of Ipswich, who died in 1680, were as follows:

1 barrel Wine	£6	8	0
2 " Cider	0	11	0
82 lbs. Sugar	2	1	0
½ cord of wood	0	4	0
4 doz. prs. of Gloves, for Men and Women	5	4	0

And some Spice and Ginger for the Cider."

From funerals to epitaphs the transition is easy: Rev. Mr. Bailey's (of Watertown) epitaph on his wife was as follows:

"Pious Lydia made and given by God, as a most meet help to John Bailey, Minister of the Gospel:

Good Betimes—Best at Last.
Lived by Faith—Died in Grace.
Went off Singing—Left us Weeping.

"Walked with God till translated, in the 39th year of her age, April 16, 1691.

"Read her epitaph in Prov. 1, 10, 11, 12, 28, 29, 30, 31."

Mr. Daniel Noyes's epitaph ran thus:

"As you are, so was I.
God did call and I did dy.
Now children all, whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ
Your only choice."

In 1725, Theophilus Cotton, of Hampton, N. H., sells to Jonathan Poore, of Newbury, "all that my Indian boy Sippai, aged about sixteen." In the office of the Register of Deeds, Salem, date of 1649, December 29th, is a deed from William Hilton, of Newbury, to George Carr, for one quarter part of a vessel. "James, my Indian, with all the interest I have in him, to be his servant forever."

In Honorable Nathaniel Coffin's account-book is found the following:

"1731. An account of some *things* my son Edward had of me:

Paid